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CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE		PAGE
NOTES OF THE WEEK	129	MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES (continued):		CORRESPONDENCE (continued):	
LEADING ARTICLES:		The Vice of Taking Notes	139	Our Davy. By Sir Henry Tyler,	
War and Public Opinion	132	A National Exhibition. By D. S.		Father Gerard S.J., and another . . .	143
The Case of Whitaker Wright	133	MacColl	140	Molubdinous. By the Rev. Compton	
Mr. Arnold-Forster's Ideals	134	The City	141	Reade	143
London's Opportunity	135	Sun Life Policies	142	REVIEWS:	
MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES:		CORRESPONDENCE:		Nineteenth-Century Literature . . .	144
Thomas Hardy as Panoramist. By		The National Physique. By Arthur		Chinese Chapters	145
Max Beerbohm	136	Newbold	142	Sir Hudson Lowe: "the Last Phase" .	145
Organs and Organists. By John F.		"Crammed with Distressful Bread" .	142	NOVELS	146
Runciman	138	Etiquette and the East. By R. W.		NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS	147
		Essington	143	THE QUARTERLIES	148

NOTICE: *It is proposed to publish a collection of Mr. Armine Kent's poems and essays at a subscription price of one guinea. The Editor would be obliged if intending subscribers would communicate with him.*

We beg leave to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

A good deal of "optimismus" as to prospects in the Far East has re-emerged in Berlin. Unhappily every sign of a supposed desire on the part of Russia to avoid war may be as plausibly interpreted as a wish for no more than the postponement of war. It was credibly reported early in the week that Prince Ching on the suggestion of the Russian ambassador made an informal proposal that France, Britain and the United States should originate some form of mediation. Prince Ching has a natural fear that China could not be kept isolated from the war, a catastrophe which would be as serious for the nations in question as for China. But M. Lessar when he approached Prince Ching must have known that the suggestion was no more than a pious wish, designed perhaps to advertise a general desire on the part of Russia not to fight if the object could be gained in any other way. But desire for peace defeats its own end, if it issues in the encouragement of vague delay prolonged in the hope that something may turn up. Greatly as everyone must shrink from war, a year or two of peace might be too dearly bought at the expense of accumulating preparation for an inevitable outbreak.

A meeting of the Russian Council of ministers met on Thursday, the Grand Duke Alexandrovitch presiding. The latest reports point to an unfavourable answer to the Japanese note; and apparently the difference between the Powers turns on the Manchurian question. If these reports are officially confirmed, a hope of war being ultimately averted can hardly have further place though it might not break out immediately. In Japan the final arrangements for financing the war were completed at a meeting held almost at the same time as the S. Petersburg council of war. A loan of about £10,000,000 was opened and a great part has already been taken up; and by some special economies and additional taxation a further addition of £8,000,000 to the year's revenue

was arranged. There is still some chance of peace and in Paris, at any rate, mediation is still spoken of; but Japan in a special communiqué has reiterated that her last note to Russia contained no demand which she could suffer to be qualified in any detail.

The Thibetan expedition is at something of a deadlock. Colonel Younghusband is entrenched at Tanu and the Thibetans, encamped at some six miles distant, seem to be disposed to resist his further march and to reject his diplomatic proposals. The time of year is becoming the worst possible for journeying and the impasse may become dangerous as well as a little ridiculous. The position is extraordinary. The Nepaulese who have been giving us some rather equivocal assistance in the matter of selling yaks are, like the Thibetans, nominally Chinese subjects, but China is taking no ostensible interest in the matter at all. If the Thibetans remain obstinate, there will be nothing for Colonel Younghusband to do but, having marched his little troop down the valley, to march it up again. The senior Thibetan general is reported to have met him and warned him that unless he returned to Gnatong there would be serious trouble. The idea of fighting is ridiculous. Even so determined an explorer can hardly advance at this period, convert his embassy into a hostile expedition and penetrate the inhospitable country beyond the Tsung I.a Pass.

The latest reports from German South-West Africa confirm the seriousness of the position in which the capital and the smaller settlements find themselves. Windhoek is described in an official message as "unremittingly threatened but strongly fortified". Yet the muster of rifles with which the town has to ward off the attack of several thousand determined savages amounts apparently to no more than 250. Small places like Okahanja are completely isolated and attempts at succour end in failure and heavy loss. The work of relief is made more difficult by rains which have destroyed parts of the railways. There are fresh stories of outrage by the revolting tribes, and in one case the unfortunate settlers seem to have been actually subjected to torture. The more the situation is studied the more we are impressed by the unreadiness of the German authorities and the inadequacy of the measures taken to restore order. It is clearly the intention of the natives to fight in scattered parties, which will give the Germans the same trouble that the British found in dealing with the guerilla Boers, and the German forces will have to unlearn much that they have been laboriously taught in Europe.

That public feeling in the Transvaal is thoroughly in favour of the introduction of Chinese labour is now beyond question. The Legislative Assembly has passed the provision for its introduction almost unanimously; the petition which was handed to the Council on Tuesday contained 45,078 names, representing about 70 per cent. of the male adult population of the Transvaal; and no counter petition has been suggested by the minority. The opponents of the introduction within the Transvaal seem chiefly to be those who have electioneering or other reasons for seeking the support of the natives and a few Boers who are opposed on principle to any British success. The opposition in the Cape, on which the excessive sentimentality of Radical opinion in England is founded, is the issue of that jealousy which is the chief barrier to progress in Africa. The "Times" correspondent recalls the fact that the introduction of yellow labour has been twice sanctioned by the Cape Parliament but not carried out because of expense; and an example is quoted in which one of the chief mining opponents of the Chinaman was found to be working his mines solely with coolie labour.

The correspondence on this subject between Mr. Lyttelton and the Government of New Zealand is remarkable chiefly for its confession of the constitutional anomalies of the Empire. Mr. Lyttelton establishes a precedent by welcoming on the part of the Imperial Government the official expression of opinion from New Zealand on the internal politics of the Transvaal; and in the same passage asserts, as he was bound to do, the constitutional wisdom of leaving every colony free so far as may be to manage its own internal affairs. The reply will be welcomed in New Zealand and Australia, but is it wholly safe for the Imperial Government to court advice when by the definition of its position it is avowedly prevented from following that advice? One recognises the tactfulness of the reply and, whatever its logic, may welcome the correspondence as helping to bring out the necessity of finding some imperial nexus answering to the progress of imperial sentiment.

We were glad to see the letter in the "Times" of the 26th inst. from a gentleman in British Columbia, pointing the moral of the sentimental fad which now coddles the American and cuffs the Colonial. The Canadian is on the spot and is better able to judge of the real feelings of the American people towards the British Empire than Englishmen at home, who judge the whole United States from a few rich and cultured Americans whom they meet on this side, whose special ambition very often is to become as "European" as possible. And hardly in a better position to judge is the Englishman who puts up at the Waldorf and runs through the New England states. He is more misleading, for "he has been to America" and therefore knows all that can be known about the Americans. Mr. Edward Musgrave reminds Englishmen that the American takes a business view (and no blame to him) of England as of everything else, and we shall get nothing out of him except by way of bargain: concessions merely excite his amused contempt. Canadians are growing tired of being sacrificed to conciliate American friendship.

Amongst many speeches made on Tuesday Mr. Lyttelton's at Enfield alone achieved any distinction. Mr. Lyttelton, Mr. Chamberlain's successor and Mr. Balfour's close friend, represents the interval between Mr. Chamberlain's and Mr. Balfour's policies; and his philosophy overlaps a little on either side. With Mr. Balfour he was insistent on the duty of going slow, and thought that some of the methods of financial federation were impracticable. On the other hand Mr. Lyttelton went the length of approving Mr. Booth's plan for a uniform and universal tariff nor have we heard any more basal argument than his general defence of Protection; it would be interesting to know how any member of a trade union can escape from his argument. The point is simple and clear: if you insist that all industries shall be carried on in England under humane conditions; in other words if you strive to protect the workman and thus increase prices, how

can you reconcile this effort with the subjection of the workman to unprotected competition with men whose standard of life and desire of leisure and comfort are indefinitely lower? No fiscal syllogism can find room both for trade-union protection and national free trade. It is a question which is to go by the board. Mr. Lyttelton's delightful reminiscences of the conversation between Carlyle and Ruskin may help his argument to be remembered.

Of the free traders Lord Hugh Cecil has most concerned himself with the essential principles at the heart of the subject; and with the central contention of his speech on Thursday we can feel every agreement. The basis of the free-trade philosophy which has been generally accepted during the last forty years is that every man should according to the theoretic laws of economy benefit by the freedom to purchase in the cheapest market. Lord Hugh is absolutely justified in saying that the protectionists lay the stress on the advantage of selling and the free-traders of buying well. Unfortunately having stated the case, he left it where it was and gave no suggestion for solving the question on which, as he sees, the whole problem depends. The imperial question he stated with less than his usually transparent sincerity. Certainly the war gave a fine object lesson in imperial sentiment; and the colonists came to the help from no merely utilitarian motive. But is "all sacrifice and no profit" to be the standard of policy generally? Was it the policy of this very war, the war which Lord Hugh approved? And if the war was to the interest of the Empire, how was it not to the profit of the colonies? And if it was not to the profit of the colonies, how has the Empire that unity and community Lord Hugh says it now enjoys?

Mr. Long, who has a knack of attracting criticism, has been taken to task with great seriousness for speaking against Mr. Dickson Poynder in N.W. Wilts division. But granting any number of "faults" in the Government's position, no worse instance could have been selected for pointing the anomalies that exist. Mr. Dickson Poynder is not in sympathy with the Government on several issues besides tariff: on the education question and the military question. If he had been a thorough-going Conservative supporter of the Government, perhaps Lord Hugh Cecil and Mr. Churchill might have at least twitted Mr. Long for a too free use of the privilege of free discussion of which other members, notably Lord Onslow and Mr. Wyndham, have availed themselves. But in any other case Mr. Long has a perfect right to avail himself of the permission which Mr. Balfour extended to all members of the Government, to express themselves with perfect freedom on all the aspects of Imperial taxation.

The price of Mr. Balfour's "Economic Notes on Insular Free Trade" has dropped to 3d. What is more, Mr. Balfour has flung into the new edition his Sheffield and Bristol speeches and his letter of 16 September to Mr. Chamberlain. But we fear that most people will not consider these as the interesting additions; they will like better the trifling foreword in which Mr. Balfour says that he has omitted from the "Notes" one illustration, "which seems to have attracted more attention than the argument it was designed to illustrate". He adds that this is not the function of an illustration. We have not collated the text of the early edition of the "Notes" and the present reprint. But evidently the papers are right which say that the illustration in question is: "Bradford goods do not go to America, nor does bleach to Russia". Mr. Balfour is never quite so exquisite as when he is gently letting down a rather too voluble friend, and—as a certain famous election address copies of which are said to be worth a guinea puts it—a fellow golfer. He has taken away the crumb over which the cock sparrows were chaffing.

We hope that the remarkable letter which Sir Edward Reed has sent to the "Times" in favour of "investigation" and in defence of Mr. Chamberlain is not to be regarded as his last political will and document. He

is not going to seek re-election, it seems, at Cardiff as the Liberal candidate, but there should be room for him at Westminster in the next Parliament. Sir Edward Reed's has been a sheer character and brain success. He has no doubt been rather a wobbler in party politics like Lord Milner, but he has never wavered in his ardent imperialism. He has always moved the working-men at his meetings, because it has been so easy to recognise his natural sympathy with the class. His hot words for Mr. Chamberlain personally should please the papers and M.P.'s in Wales, who declare that the fiscal policy is a pure party move designed to cover the blunders in other matters of the Government. According to Sir Edward no one can "honourably deny" the ardour and sincerity of Mr. Chamberlain's convictions. What do Mr. Lloyd-George and the "Daily News" and the "Star" and the "Review of Reviews" now think of this? It is uncommonly hard hitting.

"Colonel" Lynch has been released from Lewes Gaol on the completion of twelve months' imprisonment. He comes out, it is stated, on "license": and therefore, though free to go where he chooses, he is disqualified from being elected to Parliament or from holding an official position of trust. Lynch's crime was a heinous one, and he has got off very lightly. But Mr. Wyndham, Mr. Balfour and the Home Secretary, who of course went with great care into this question, must be able to form a far better opinion as to the wisdom of releasing him than is any outsider. Public opinion should not count in a matter of this kind. If the Government had released Lynch, for any party or—in the lower sense in which the word is used—political purposes, or from irresolution and fear of Mr. Redmond and other Irish Nationalists who have been pressing for his release, they would be unworthy of holding any office of trust. In such a case Mr. Wyndham, if it is he who has been specially concerned in this decision, should be "under license" himself—though we do not suggest that he should go through the imprisonment stage as well. But, seriously, most people will admit that this is one of the few matters in which the Government may be as right as the man in the street. Even Mr. Bryce, who to judge by his voluble speeches of late regards all Ministers as rogues and fools, might give them the benefit of the doubt here.

The Ireland Club dinner on Monday was a happy send off for a very happy idea. Irishmen have lately made the great discovery that it is possible for two men to differ in politics, and even in religion, and neither of them be a natural scoundrel: and in the light of this discovery disappears the moral necessity to hate everyone not of your Church or of your party. Certainly all was of the era of hope on Monday. Nationalist and Orangeman, landlord and tenant, absentee and autochthon, all were gathered in genial amity under the presidency of a Royal Duke. The Duke of Connaught filled the peculiar position perfectly: and no other man could. The Ireland Club provides a meeting-point that was really needed. We believe it will have an active influence for good. One could hardly doubt it who listened to the hopeful and romantic story of the development of deep-sea fishing on the south-west coast under the Congested Districts Board. Father Gallagher's speech, the priest of Arran Island, would teach most Englishmen, and perhaps some Irishmen, more than the reading of a hundred blue books and Commons debates. And it spoke much for the vitality of the club that the discussion was kept up till past midnight and no one was bored, unless it were those whose speeches were guillotined by the lateness of the hour.

The report, just issued, of the Inspector-General of Recruiting is not so unsatisfactory as appears at first sight. True the numbers have gone down, but after the war a reaction was inevitable. Moreover on this occasion the figures only embrace a period of nine months, due to the new arrangements by which the report is to include a complete trooping season—September to April. Again most of the cavalry and artillery have been closed to recruiting. Still it is disquieting to learn that the new scale of pay has not

been efficacious in attracting recruits; and that the numbers rejected have considerably increased. The apparently doubtful advantage of demanding a character—since many men of previously bad character often reform when they enter the army, and subsequently become good soldiers—has, so Sir Francis Howard tells us, practically not lost us any recruits.

The nearest approach to the dramatic suicide of Whitaker Wright is the case of the coiner Barmash who a short time ago while in charge of warders at the Old Bailey shot himself with a revolver after sentence. John Sadleir who was a Junior Lord of the Treasury in 1853, and was found in 1856 to have by a long course of fraud swindled the Tipperary Bank of over £400,000, escaped punishment by suicide with an analogous poison to prussic acid and his body was found on Hampstead Heath. The Mr. Merdle of "Little Dorrit", a terrible satire on the influence the audacious speculator obtains over a public greedy of gambling gains, varied the means of his prototype Sadleir by borrowing a penknife from a lady friend's workbasket; and thereby gave many a reader of "Little Dorrit" a thrill. This incident is said to have been taken from the account of the great Clive's suicide. But would any novelist be daring enough to depict a character as actually taking poison while the Judge was passing sentence, as if in ironic mockery of human retribution?

The inquest which had more attractiveness for the populace than the trial itself pointed to this as what must have happened. It was an act of ferocious despair and defiance; a savage protest against amenability to law and subjection to punishment, characteristic of those who defy morality and legality in the pursuit of colossally selfish aims. A monstrous egoism of this kind raises doubts of the coroner's plausible disquisition on insanity. There cannot be much healthiness in a mind swamped as one might say in a gross materialism and sealed against all finer influences. At the same time the coroner rightly enough refused to believe that the act of suicide implied any mental change of an essential nature. Was the suicide an act of courage or of cowardice? To argue that question would be interminable. Turning to something more positive, American papers are pointing out that while our law punishes "such leaders of high finance", in America "transgressors of the same moral law walk in free air, lavish their philanthropies, and are lauded from the pulpits as the exemplars of our youth"; though this is perhaps a presumption somewhat too favourable to English financiers. The denunciation of "English justice" by the unhappy man cannot be taken seriously; but the levity and bias of the Judge were too marked.

Proceedings in the London County Council last Tuesday were not encouraging to those who care about education. We do not say this because the Moderates' amendment was rejected. Neither their plan nor that of the Progressives, which was passed, could make a good Education Committee. Of the two the Moderate plan is the less vicious, as it provides for the inclusion, without election, of men who have heart for educational work and knowledge, and who do not care to enter the Council through the ordinary party gates. But the number proposed by the Moderates is absurdly large, 58, ten worse than the Progressive figure, and the provision for expert members is made on a wrong basis. Experts are wanted for their individual capacity not as representatives of churches or interests. The Corporation of London has no kind of claim to representation on the committee.

The Progressive scheme confines membership of the Committee to County Councillors, with the exception of five from the School Board (who will of course be Progressives) and five women (which the Act compelled). The Progressive scheme is merely and frankly partisan; it has no relation to educational efficiency. Mr. Sidney Webb alone attempted to look at things from the point of view of education. Both schemes, he showed, were bad; the right plan was to appoint a committee neither partisan nor sectional, adding to it from without such men and women as they believed would by their individual abilities assist in the

work. This they would have done if, to quote Mr. Webb, "they had gone forward with the single eye to educational efficiency". This is clearly a case for action by the Board of Education, and that will bring the issue before Parliament, when it will be interesting to see if Lord Rosebery, Mr. Asquith, and Mr. Haldane will side with Mr. Sidney Webb the distinguished educationist or with Mr. McKinnon Wood, the distinguished partisan. Another matter claiming the Board's attention is the growing confusion of syllabuses for the examination of elementary teachers' certificates, which Mr. Faunthorpe, the principal of Whitelands College, describes in an able letter to the "Times" of the 25th inst.

Not even the impending resignations of Lord Londonderry and Mr. Gerald Balfour—which it had from a "usually well-informed source", fortifying itself through "inquiries made subsequent to the receipt" thereof—can quite cover the retreat of the "Daily News" from its lock-out affair with the compositors. Mr. John Burns coming to the rescue, when the affair began to look unpleasant, effected a settlement which has apparently pleased everybody concerned, including the proprietors of the paper. It is perfectly simple. The "Daily News" has taken on the old loves again, and put away the new. But as the new ones, the non-society hands, had a six months' agreement, the "Daily News" in generous spirit paid over to them a matter of £4,000. Tuesday's "Daily News" (containing among other items the announcement of the Cabinet resignations) was produced by the non-society hands, as we understand: Wednesday's issue (containing contradiction of the rumour) was produced by the returned society men. The "Sportsman", which is not of the "Daily News" queue in regard to the shocking effects of horse-racing, makes the calculation that "the little fling must have run the proprietor into the price of a very fine racehorse". It strikes us as a very droll way of appraising the losses of a contemporary. Lord Rosebery probably reads his "Sportsman" daily: we think we can guarantee that the paragraph tickled him.

The public with the readiness of the Scotch baronet has been induced in large numbers to follow out the Dousterswivel promises of buried treasure; and as many as seventeen persons have, like Dousterswivel, come into trouble with the law. When "Tit Bits" invented the form of advertisement which consists in stimulating the search for real buried gold, it might euphemistically be described as an ingenious outlay. But the rival imitators, the "Weekly Dispatch" and so forth, whose published clues have set a too greedy public about the business of grubbing in the gutters, digging up the roadway and invading private gardens, have no excuse for thus stimulating the "sacra fames". It may even serve as a ready excuse for the thief. Imagine the horror of Mr. Pepys who buried his own gold in a hole in the garden at seeing this mania for excavation set going. We are very glad to see that Lord Desart, the Public Prosecutor, has warned the proprietors of these newspapers that unless the nuisance is abated, the law will be put in motion against them—probably by injunction.

Of Aalesund, it may be said there was a town on the West Coast of Norway of this name. A week ago it caught fire and was completely wiped out. Though the loss of life was small, ten thousand people were made homeless by the disaster. The destitution and misery of the people are terrible. Aalesund was a fishing town, and at the best of times most of its inhabitants were very poor. The German Emperor has always shown a quick sympathy for the Norwegians, and within a matter of hours after the fire he was organising relief through the Hamburg-American Line and the Red Cross Society. Most of the small Norwegian towns are largely built of most inflammable wood, and it is surprising that fires on the scale of that at Aalesund are not far more frequent. A good many of the hotels scattered throughout Southern Norway have been burnt down within the last twenty or thirty years. Fortunately several of the most ancient and beautiful buildings are isolated: the loss of such a building as the wonderful old wooden church at Borgund would be irreparable.

WAR AND PUBLIC OPINION.

THE current of public expectation during the last week has been clearly setting in the direction of peace, and even well-informed people are becoming convinced that the long-expected struggle is no longer imminent. We cannot take so sanguine a view though we welcome any signs that can be reasonably interpreted in this sense. Any action on the part of our press which impresses foreign opinion with the idea that we want to encourage war is so strongly to be deprecated that undue optimism is welcome in comparison. Respectable foreign journals have recognised recently the entirely correct attitude of our Government, and argue with perfect accuracy that the result of her treaty with England is to restrain Japan rather than to incite her to an adventurous policy. Without the treaty Japan would undoubtedly have fought, but it would have been rather with the fury of a forlorn hope than with the cool and steady policy of a responsible Power holding a recognised position among civilised nations. We have no doubt that the "Temps" was correct in attributing to His Majesty's Government the part of a peacemaker and that our Ministers have advised Japan confidentially to "show moderation and wisdom". To adopt any other attitude would have been indeed impossible. It is not our business to encourage the Mikado to fight our battles, though to judge from the tone of some of our newspapers, it would almost appear as if it were. The line that has been taken up by a section of the press of representing Russian proceedings on every occasion in the most odious light and urging on "the gallant little Japs" is contemptible from every point of view. It has never been the habit of our people to "incur danger in the person of a Cretan" and to give other nations the shadow of justification for believing we wish to do so now is to do an ill service to our good name.

But European opinion will not blame us now if Japan decides to fight nor is it at all certain that it will be vastly favourable to Russia. We publish to-day an article by a well-informed observer who bears witness to the cooling of French sympathy for Russia. We have never wavered in our view as to the great reluctance of French opinion even to consider the possibility of intervention in an Asiatic war against a great Power. Like ourselves, France will of course perform her treaty obligations to the full but will go no further. The danger is likely to come not from any European intervention but from China herself and from the advantage which Russia might derive from her action. Any attempt by China to assist Japan or by Japan to utilise Chinese forces would only enable Russia to legalise at once her position in Manchuria by claiming that right of conquest had abrogated all previous treaties. To bring in China would only be to render nugatory at one stroke all international arrangements, and the Petersburg "Viedomosti" bears this out in its issue of the 25th in almost identical terms. But the Chinese themselves are sagacious enough to foresee the pitfall, for the well-informed "Times" correspondent at Peking, in the same issue that contains the very frank opinion of the "Viedomosti", telegraphs that Prince Ching, "who fears greatly that if war breaks out China may be involved", is urging France and England to mediate. If the Chinese authorities clearly see the danger that is one point to the good but the idea of any satisfactory mediation is of course absurd; neither Power has invited it and one has already stated that she cannot accept it. If Russia made the suggestion to Japan, as we are given to understand, she must have done it to impress China, for she was well aware of its absolute futility.

The fact that diplomacy can impose severe limits when it will upon the investigations of special correspondents was never more amusingly illustrated than during the past few days. The absolutely contradictory information furnished by the most respectable newspapers to their readers has become the despair of the "gobe-mouches", but the situation is in truth rather confused than obscure. Japan will have no neutral zone in Korea nor is there any reason at all why such a neutral zone should be suggested by Russia, were she to contemplate retiring from Manchuria. In

this event she would barely touch a corner edge of Korea. But it also seems to be admitted that Japan insists on the direct pledge of Russia to herself to fulfil her promises made originally to all the world regarding the integrity of China. Any yielding by Russia on the latter point would be a great diplomatic victory for Japan and as such it would be recognised throughout those regions. Delay however is all to the advantage of Russia. Whatever credit we may think fit to allow to the telegrams in the "Times" from its mysterious correspondents, there can be little doubt that Russian preparations are by no means in a forward state nor are her armaments in such trim as to let her face with confidence the first strain of a great war. Every day therefore gained by Russia is to the good. The difficulty is to understand why Japan admits delay except it be to earn to the full the goodwill of friendly Powers. It may be that the Tsar's efforts for peace have seriously impressed Japanese statesmen and no one but a Russophile doubts his sincerity. But probably no far-seeing Japanese diplomatist really believes that any arrangement patched up now can be lasting or for the ultimate benefit of his country. In spite of pledges Russia will not leave Manchuria. We doubt if it can be maintained that it is for the good of the world, now that things have gone so far, that she should do so. The information of all recent travellers is to the effect that her control there means civilisation instead of barbarism. Cities well built and well kept, railways and ordered civil life must be a great advance on the disorganisation and brigandage which preceded them. We have been as plainly pledged to quit Egypt as Russia to leave Manchuria and we are just as likely to do it. When we remember our own career as an aggressive Power, it is pure cant to rave about the "perfidy" of Russia. The forces that push Russia on towards a warm-water port are as irresistible as those which have impelled us from Calcutta to the Himalayas in one direction and Burma in the other. It would be ridiculous to pretend that if Japan can make good her claim to Korea and firmly establish herself there, seriously crippling the Russian fleet meanwhile, the British Government might not breathe a little more freely for a while, but are we prepared to contend for the domination of Japanese influence at Peking?

Whatever the next few days may bring forth it will be well to keep an even mind, but we can recognise with satisfaction the entirely correct attitude of Japan throughout the negotiations. Nothing has been done by her to warrant the fears of those who predicted that by our alliance we might be hurried headlong into a war for which we had no desire. The Japanese rulers and people alike have displayed a self-restraint and dignity which some other nations might envy, but in spite of the general tendency to predict peace we cannot share it; we think the limits of self-restraint have been nearly reached. Even if Japan secures her diplomatic success for the moment, nothing can remove the permanent causes of disagreement with Russia. For Japan to command the Straits between Korea and herself means that the Russian sphere in those waters is cut in half and her action paralysed; for Russia to command them means that Japan is saddled with a gigantic neighbour who holds the key of her house. To neutralise them would please neither party and would impose on other Powers a responsibility they have no intention of undertaking. The problem, we fear, is insoluble except by war.

THE CASE OF WHITAKER WRIGHT.

THE death of Whitaker Wright, as he was being hurried off to gaol, is the climax of one of the gloomiest and most sensational dramas of modern finance. Although the trial occupied twelve days, the real issues were few and simple, and the evidence, although the necessity of the criminal law made it voluminous, was not really ambiguous. As some of the American newspapers in commenting on the case have compared the greater stringency of the British Company Law with their own, it is desirable to remind them that Whitaker Wright was not prosecuted under any of the

Joint Stock Companies Acts, but under the Larceny Act of 1861. These were the issues. Were the balance-sheets and reports of the London and Globe Company for the years 1899 and 1900 false in material particulars? Were they false to the knowledge of Whitaker Wright? If so, were these false accounts and false reports published for the purpose of deceiving shareholders, or defrauding creditors, or inducing other persons to become shareholders? Under the cross-examination of Mr. Rufus Isaacs the defendant admitted that in 1899 he wished to conceal the true state of the facts, but said that he did so in the interests of the shareholders, and in order to protect the company from those who were working its ruin. In other words, Whitaker Wright admitted that he published a false balance sheet and report, but pleaded that it was a strategic move in the Titanic war which he was waging against the "bears" of Lake Views. The force of cynicism can no further go. In the 1899 balance sheet of the London and Globe there appeared the item on the profit side of "£534,000 cash at bankers". Mr. Rufus Isaacs admitted that this was "literally true", but contended that taken in conjunction with the report it was substantially false and misleading. The report stated that this cash balance of £534,000 was available for dividend, and that it was the result of the year's work by the directors "to consolidate and strengthen the position of the company". In fact it was the result of forty-eight hours of the most daring manipulation of figures, for we cannot call the sham purchases and sales, and shifting of liabilities from one company to another by any milder name. On 29 September, 1899, the Globe had £80,000 in cash at its bank. On 30 September it had £534,000. How was this "almost magical change", as the Judge called it, produced? Whitaker Wright was managing director of the Globe, the British America, and the Standard Corporations. He signed a cheque for the Standard to the Globe on 30 September for £275,000, in payment for Lake View, Nickels and Victoria Gold Estate shares, handed over by the Globe. Then the Globe owed the British America £237,000, which was wiped out by the sale of 274,000 shares in some company at 18s. Within two months these shares were returned by the Globe to the British America, in time for the latter's balance sheet, at 20s., thus showing an apparent profit. The meeting of the Globe shareholders in 1899 was held on 24 October, when the cash balance of £534,000, and the dividend of 10 per cent., which was paid, were duly emphasised by Lord Dufferin and Whitaker Wright. Six days after the meeting, on 1 November, Wright was obliged to lend the Globe £300,000 out of his own pocket to save it from insolvency. If this is not fraud, the word has no meaning. If a man, being examined as to his financial credit, states that he has £10,000 to his credit at his bank, and if it turns out that he has borrowed the sum for a week, and returned it to the lender as soon as the exigency was passed, is it not a fraud? For the purpose of showing a cash balance the Globe sold lines of shares for cash to its confederate companies, and then took back the shares and returned the cash as soon as the shareholders' meeting was over. The facts with regard to the balance sheet of 1900 are more difficult to follow, as they were share transactions, the bold inflation of unmarketable securities. We do not hold with some people that a company is bound to value its securities every year: this is frequently impossible. Nor do we think that it is improper to take the securities in at cost: only, the attention of the shareholders ought to be drawn in the report to the fact, if it be so, that there is a depreciation since the purchase or acquisition of the securities, or that they are unmarketable. This was not done by the Globe in 1900. The judge in his summing up told the jury that in September 1900 if the shares, standing as assets, had been taken at "their true value" there would have been a loss to the Globe of £1,600,000. This time Whitaker Wright wanted more time for his manipulations than in the previous year. The meeting of shareholders was therefore postponed till December. In the interval he embarked upon another of his reckless campaigns in Lake View shares, for which purpose

he had to borrow £450,000 from the celebrated "Syndicate", and he began to toss blocks of shares about in a manner that fairly bewildered the most experienced auditors and market dealers. On 17 December the balance sheet was settled, and the meeting of shareholders summoned for the following day. The accounts showed a credit in the profit and loss account of £463,000. The Standard Company supplied £100,000 in cash as payment for a like number of "option block" shares, which had been acquired by the Globe as promoter's profit. The British America Corporation contributed 150,000 shares in the British Columbia Company, being the half-interest of the Globe in that flotation. Then there was £75,000 cash borrowed from the Victoria Gold Estates against 200,000 shares in some other company which were not deposited. There was £560,000 described as profit on a reconstruction of the Victoria Gold Estates, and £321,000 described as a cash distribution from three companies formed to take over the assets of the East and West Le Rois and the Columbia Kootenay companies, whereas in fact no distribution had been made. Altogether there was about £1,000,000 of this rubbish. We wonder what the jury made of these figures? It is not necessary to make anything of them, for within a week of the meeting the company with a profit of £463,000 smashed. Not a word was said to the shareholders of the enormous speculation in Lake Views, though at the last minute the 105,000 Lake Views (costing about £1,500,000) were transferred by Whitaker Wright to the account of the Standard, which had £2,000 at its bank, and shortly afterwards failed. We do not see how any jury could have brought in any other verdict than guilty; nor how the judge could have passed any sentence than the utmost penalty provided by the law.

Of the various actors in this tragedy we have a few words to add. We wish we could say that Mr. Justice Bigham presided over the trial with that dignity and impartiality which are the noblest traditions of the British Bench. But we cannot. From the opening of the prosecution, conducted with great ability and moderation by Mr. Rufus Isaacs, the judge made no secret of his opinion of the prisoner's guilt. There was a levity of demeanour and speech which exposed him to the most humiliating rebuke from Mr. Lawson Walton ever addressed to a judge by counsel. On Mr. Walton's protesting against "merriment being elicited from the gallery" by the judge's comments, Mr. Justice Bigham replied that he thought it better to let the defendant's counsel know what was passing in his mind! This is certainly a new view of a judge's duty in a criminal trial, which we trust will not be made a precedent. The dummy directors, whose passive co-operation was necessary to the perpetration of these immense frauds, cannot be too severely blamed. It is the fashion to acquit Lord Loch and Lord Dufferin of all responsibility: indeed to pity, if not belaud them. We do not share this view. We suppose that no other public but the British would assume that because a man was a peer and a diplomatist, or a colonial governor, he was therefore competent to manage a large financial company. But when will it come to be recognised as disgraceful for a peer to sell his title and his reputation in other fields for £5,000 a year? Lord Dufferin could not have been on the board of the Globe for six months without discovering that he was perfectly incompetent to control or even to understand Whitaker Wright's actions. Yet he went on doing what he was bid, and speaking another man's words. "As the prompter breathed, the puppet squeaked." Is this, we will not say dignified, is it honest? Without a Dufferin the bare-faced cheating of a Whitaker Wright would be impossible. We cannot join in the hue and cry against the auditors, for they had to deal with one who, though he pretended to know nothing of figures, was a far more skilled accountant than any of them. How were the auditors to know that the cash in the bank in 1899 was to be returned after the shareholders' meeting and the shares sold returned to the seller? By December 1900, we confess, their suspicions might have been aroused, though the company flotations of that period were enough to puzzle the

most acute. The uncomfortable truth seems to be that auditors are powerless to cope with bold and ingenious fraud. This has always been so, and we fear always will be so. And the central sinister figure of this dark plot, what of him? At the eleventh hour he escaped his pursuers, and is now a fugitive from justice who will never be caught. At the Old Bailey a prisoner is searched every day and closely watched by warders; but the courtly tipstaff at the Court of King's Bench is unaccustomed to these brutalities. So Whitaker Wright was found with a loaded revolver in one pocket and a tabloid sinister in significance in another. The doctor testified that death was due to prussic acid, and the coroner's jury found a verdict of suicide. So Whitaker Wright used his knowledge and his brains to the very last moment. Courage and ingenuity even in crime command a kind of respect. We cannot echo the cruel glee expressed so freely in conversation over this man's end. The world is not altogether free from responsibility for the commercial frauds which have been so frequent of late. Allowing much to hereditary tendency, a man is largely what the world makes him. The insensate luxury of society, and reckless speculation, stimulated almost to madness by the example of American and South African millionaires, are the causes which produce Whitaker Wrights. There are many men, flourishing in Mayfair like the green bay-tree, who are only luckier gamblers than the poor wretch over whose unconsecrated grave we will chatter for another twenty-four hours.

MR. ARNOLD-FORSTER'S IDEALS.

A NEW departure in army policy is invariably demanded of an incoming War Secretary, with the result that our military administration has rarely time to organise and perfect such schemes and innovations as may from time to time have been introduced. When it is neither practicable nor possible to devise anything original, the new comer has perforce to clothe old ideas in a new form. In this respect Mr. Arnold-Forster's position is an unusually difficult one. For years he has been known as a severe, if somewhat superficial, critic of our military methods; and now he finds himself in a position of supreme responsibility. He was bound of course to trim his sails; and, whilst doing so, to avoid the charge of inconsistency by still adopting, though in a modified form, his former rôle of pessimistic critic. Consequently the result, as might have been expected, has not been wholly successful. There is too much evidence, in his recent speech, of the old style, with its inevitable smattering of the superficialism of the journalist; nor does it indeed show on its face the weight of the expert advice which is now at his command. But some points at any rate are satisfactory. He appears to desire to be in touch and sympathy with soldiers; a desire which many have had before him. Let him begin reforming in earnest, and he will understand his predecessors' difficulties in realising this admirable aspiration. He has not hastily embarked on any new and ill-considered innovations—credit for which, however, is probably equally shared by the Treasury, the supreme arbiter after all in military affairs—and he appears already to have done something towards correcting that system of extreme centralisation which was certainly the bane of Mr. Brodrick's régime.

The most important feature in the Liverpool speech was the statement about home defence, and the rôle which in future the regular army is to play. He implies that the policy recently enunciated by the Prime Minister has obtained the concurrence of the Defence Committee and also of the Admiralty—a point which, it will be remembered, was not made clear at the time. The Navy can deal with home defence and safeguard our shores; therefore for this purpose we require no regular troops; that is the gist of the new policy; and in so far as it makes it possible to work up to some definite object, this pronouncement must be regarded as satisfactory. Still there hardly seems adequate ground for the enthusiastic praise which has been showered upon Mr. Balfour: for, though our future policy seems

now to be settled, experience, bitter or otherwise, can alone show whether the decision is right. Without further details it is impossible adequately to criticise Mr. Arnold-Forster's various ideals. But if we are to take literally the statement that for home defence the navy suffices, and that the regular army is only required for over-sea service, we must conclude that the stiffening of regulars in the last three army corps is unnecessary under the existing scheme, or indeed under any other. But the stiffening is mainly composed of technical troops. Thus the Horse Artillery is composed entirely of regulars; and the Field Artillery in the proportion of fifteen regular to six militia batteries. Again, apart from these field troops, there are the garrison artillery for coast defences and other purposes, and various Royal Engineer details—submarine miners and others—and we fail to see how it is possible to dispense with these. Moreover under the Army Corps scheme, one corps (the 4th) contains a regular infantry division. This then must also be unnecessary. Therefore the abolition of the newly raised fourth battalions—which Mr. Arnold-Forster, rightly or wrongly, is generally credited with contemplating—would effect the desired reduction. We should have liked a pledge to the contrary. Still, even if this reduction were contemplated, we could hardly conceive that the Government would dare to take the step now, in the face of possible and, it may be, not remote contingencies.

Mr. Arnold-Forster is scarcely happy in his comparison between British and German battalions. It is true that the latter at normal strength—there are some on a higher peace establishment—increase on mobilisation from 570 to 1,002, a greater difference between peace and war strength than exists in our battalions. Nevertheless whatever may be the peace establishment or the system, it is inevitable that many young soldiers should be non-efficient for a time. In addition the German battalion would usually be mobilised for European service. Hence the age qualification is not so necessary with them as with us, who generally mobilise for service in less healthy climates. Consequently, in similar conditions, the proportion left behind in a German battalion would probably be a much higher one than the 5 to 10 per cent. which Mr. Arnold-Forster quotes; and it must be remembered that the great majority of those who on mobilisation were weeded out of our battalions in 1899 in a short time became efficient soldiers, and subsequently proceeded to South Africa to replace casualties. That this evil was also noticeable in the long-service days—for a return to which Mr. Arnold-Forster appears to hanker—is well shown by the composition of the India drafts forty years ago (1864-5). Five thousand six hundred and twenty-two men were sent out; and of these 2,003 were under twenty, and 2,038 under one year's service! Indeed the new War Secretary seems hardly yet to realise the true nature of an army reserve. Everyone naturally admits that the necessity of taking Reservists from private life is an unmitigated evil. Still it is part of the game. The Reservist is a soldier, serving on his army engagement and drawing pay, who for certain reasons is allowed to enter private life on the condition that he can be called upon when wanted. Precisely the same state of things exists in France or Germany, and even in an aggravated form; only with them as with us, the need of calling up Reservists has happily seldom arisen. Moreover when he expatiates upon the cumbersomeness of our system, Mr. Arnold-Forster seems to overlook the existence of section A of the Army Reserve, which was formed to meet the sudden demand on a division to take the field; and is composed of men who hold themselves in readiness for an immediate call to arms; in their case it is not necessary to go through the formalities and publicity of a general mobilisation.

The new broom parades various other disadvantages, as if he had been the first to discover them. Thus the question of supplying junior officers for the Reserve has been a burning one for some years past. Numerous War Office committees, and some of the best brains in our army, have considered the subject, but no satisfactory solution has as yet been found. So we must beg leave to doubt whether Mr. Arnold-Forster—at best a novice in such matters—is likely at once to succeed

where so many have failed. Like all War Secretaries, he has taken an early opportunity of patting the auxiliaries on the back; and he complains of the treatment of the militia. But he might also have added that his predecessor removed one of the principal grievances of the force by creating a Reserve for the militia, instead of a militia reserve for the army which hitherto had existed. Nevertheless Mr. Brodrick's action in this matter may serve his successor as a useful warning. It is an open secret that the late War Secretary inaugurated his plan without the unanimous consent of the military authorities, who were naturally averse to losing 30,000 men from the Army Reserve. Thus in tinkering further with the subject, Mr. Arnold-Forster would be well advised to take care that in benefiting Paul he does not offend Peter. But throughout his speech, it is noticeable that he ignores Mr. Brodrick's reforms and innovations, except to condemn, and perhaps justly, the new system of enlistment, and to be ominously silent as to the future of the army corps scheme.

LONDON'S OPPORTUNITY.

ON 1 May 1904 the London County Council takes under its charge the education of more than four and a half million people, a population larger than that of Scotland. And it is the whole education and not merely the elementary schools, although many people seem to act and talk as if the two terms were synonymous, for which the Council becomes the responsible authority; the secondary schools, the technical classes, the University itself, in short all that may be necessary for the mental equipment of what is practically a great State in touch with the largest, most varied and widest reaching interests the world has yet seen. And we reiterate, the problem is of education as a whole, above all of the higher education; for the primary school work has in a sense been done, though badly done. London secondary education is much less complete but is probably better off than people suppose, so many excellent schools exist which never figure in the public press beside the great foundations like S. Paul's, Westminster, Merchant Taylors', Dulwich. It is at the top that the weakness lies. What has London to set beside the four Universities of Edinburgh, Glasgow, S. Andrew's and Aberdeen; or to take another comparison, against Amsterdam, Leyden, Utrecht, Brussels, Louvain, Liège and Ghent; for the University of London is by its constitution operative over a radius of thirty miles, which would give a population very similar to that of Holland and Belgium?

Many educated people, the 'Varsity man perhaps most of all, view with dismay the intrusion of the London County Council into the domain of higher education; they have a vision of the ensuing starvation of the humanities, the suppression of all that they hold most dear in the old learning, and of the creation of a glorified polytechnic in place of a university. There would be little ground of apprehension if the County Council followed on the lines of its Technical Education Board; but last Tuesday's debate was ominous. There are however grounds for hope in the higher sphere. The friends of S. Paul's will remember that when a few years ago the Mercers' Company and the Charity Commissioners proposed to restrict the endowments of that school in a way that would soon have impaired its efficiency, the whole weight of the County Council representatives was directed towards the maintenance of the ancient standard of the school. Take again the grant of £10,000 a year which the Council already makes to the London University; it was only empowered to assist such subjects as fell within the scope of the Technical Education Act, but the conditions were so framed as to make for knowledge rather than instruction. The Chemistry School, for example, has been enabled to liberate two of the most eminent chemists in London from routine teaching and to provide them with special assistants, thus they are able to prosecute research which is remote from all considerations of "will it pay". Indeed we say deliberately that no public body in this country charged with the administration of education has shown a keener

appreciation of the value of research and of the acquisition of pure knowledge, "même inutile", than the Technical Education Committee of the London County Council.

A further exemplification of this opinion may be found in the little book Mr. Sidney Webb has just published under the title of "London Education". Mr. Webb has long been the moving spirit of the old Education Committee as we should like him to be of the new educational authority. At any rate one may read his views on the situation as a reasonable forecast of a policy that stands a good chance of being carried into effect. We think that the most determined believer in the old school may rise comforted from a reading of Mr. Webb's book, though of course, much as he appreciates the work of Oxford and Cambridge, Mr. Webb does not propose to try for a University of that type in London. The "Greats" school at Oxford, and it is the "Greats" school which makes Oxford, can be criticised justly for its deficiencies and its superficiality, but it has succeeded, in that it has shown itself the best training ground for statesmen and administrators, for public servants of all kinds (incidentally also for journalists) that there has ever been. It gives a man the faculty of criticism, of appreciating distinction in work or character, it lifts him some way towards seeing life "whole". Yet the Oxford "Greats" school cannot be recreated, nor is it wanted in London. Mr. Webb points out the limitations and also the possibilities of a University there: in the first place it will be of necessity a middle-class University and therefore one concerned more with direct professional training than with the cultivation of the whole man. Above all it should become the great post-graduate school of the Empire, the training ground of those specialists which our varied dominions and opportunities need so badly and possess in such scant numbers. It cannot be said that either Oxford or Cambridge is exactly suited to research, the atmosphere is too social, the dominant note is of men whose aim is to "be" and not to "do". London receives the stimulus of the wider world; as the home of the national collections of all kinds, and as the meeting place of all the learned societies it provides the environment which both enables and encourages a man to break new ground in the domain of positive knowledge. Here some will see the cloven hoof of "science" peeping out, already prepared to corner the new University for its own subjects, but as science is after all only a name for a method which has now permeated all branches of knowledge, let us differentiate a little. Putting aside their function as educators of our upper class, we conceive Oxford and Cambridge will always remain the chosen homes of the philosophers, to a certain extent of the historians and, from old tradition, of the classical scholars, of all those studies in fact where the personal factor enters largely, which demand a certain touch of the artist. But when a man has done with his general education and it is a case of preparing for a highly specialised profession or of ranging up alongside the men who are making new knowledge, we believe that London ought to become the better training ground, whether it is in pure science or archæology or even in languages themselves.

Such is Mr. Webb's view of the function of the University which London must soon possess, nor can anyone quarrel with it on the score of narrowness or neglect of culture for business. A further sign of the wholeness and sympathy of his view of education may be found in his treatment of the religious question. It is clear that he is not satisfied with the solution the Government has adopted for the denominational school problem, but he points out that administratively the Acts of 1902-3 leave the question of religious teaching as it was, with varied forms of instruction adapted to the varied creeds. "Whether this freedom in diversity represents an ideal arrangement or not, it has the great merit of existing; of having worked smoothly and well for a whole generation; and of exciting practically no objection among the children, the parents, the teachers, or in fact, anyone actually connected with the working of the schools." Even as regards the selection of teachers

he shows that the London School Board of to-day does as a matter of convenience deliberately select only Jewish teachers for certain schools. (A splendid inconsistency, whose beneficent operation party spirit alone has withheld from Christian schools.) "The diversity in schools involves, as every practical educationist knows, some segregation of teachers according to their views on the deepest problems of ethics and theology. It is easy for those who do not care to face the problem to earn the cheap applause of the unthinking by denouncing all religious tests. . . . But as a mere matter of administrative practice, whenever we have Roman Catholic or Protestant or Jewish children segregated in groups, it is convenient to have each group taught by teachers of its own faith." (?)

However the point more immediately in our mind is that Mr. Webb in discussing the organisation of the university in faculties, rather than in colleges, and the necessity of the colleges specialising in future instead of each attempting to cover the whole ground of education, indicates that King's College among other things might become the headquarters of the School of Theology. It will be news to many that the University of London recognises theology at all; as a matter of fact there is a Faculty and a Board of Studies, which are allotted priority in the lists. For an account of the good work the Board has already done, and the harmonious way members of all denominations manage to work upon it, we would recommend our readers to an article in the latest "Church Quarterly Review", where also they will find a temperate and eloquent plea that King's College should have the assistance of Churchmen in order "to be able to take a part worthy of the Metropolis in religious instruction as a factor in liberal education". This we conceive to be the true place of the Church in regard to education, now that it has got rid of the dead weight it carried in providing so large a share of the elementary secular education of the country. But for this, as for so many of the aims of the University of London, it is money that is wanted and money must be found at once. We believe that the new education authority of the County Council will provide funds to keep the machinery going in an enlightened fashion; and we trust that Conservatives will not attempt to carry into the sphere of education that blind distrust of the County Council which has already done so much harm. But for the capital outlay required the University must appeal to private munificence, and surely it will not appeal in vain. The cause is big enough to kindle the imagination of any millionaire; it is not for London alone, but for England and for the Empire. The records of the present London Colleges would show how they draw students from every colony and dependency, and send in their turn their trained men into every service that owns the British flag. But how few and inadequate are their numbers to the growing task. We must find the means of making the latent capacity of our people fruitful for the service of the State lest we stagger and fail beneath "the too great orb of our fate".

THOMAS HARDY AS PANORAMATIST.

EIGHT years ago "Jude the Obscure" was published. Since then Mr. Hardy has given us two or three volumes of poetry, and now a volume of drama,* but no other novel. One assumes that he has ceased as a novelist. Why has he ceased? The reason is generally said to be that he was disheartened by the many hostile criticisms of "Jude the Obscure". To accept that explanation were to insult him. A puny engine of art may be derailed by such puny obstacles as the public can set in its way. So strong an engine as Mr. Hardy rushes straight on, despite them, never so little jarred by them, and stops not save for lack of inward steam. Mr. Hardy writes no more novels because he has no more novels to write.

A fascinating essay could be written on the autumnal works of great writers. Sooner or later, there comes for the great writer a time when he feels that his best work is done—that the fire in him has sunk to a

* "The Dynasts, a drama of the Napoleonic Wars," by Thomas Hardy. (Macmillan.)

glow. And then, instinctively, he shrinks from the form in which he cast the works of his youth and of his prime, and from the themes he then loved best. But he cannot be idle—the fire still glows. Other forms, other themes, occur to him and are grasped by him. In England, during recent years, great writers in their autumn have had a rather curious tendency: they have tended to write either about Napoleon or about Mrs. Meynell. The late Mr. Coventry Patmore wrote about Mrs. Meynell. Mr. Meredith has written both about Mrs. Meynell and about Napoleon. Mr. Hardy now readjusts the balance, confining himself to Napoleon. So far, his procedure is quite normal: a new theme, through a new form. But I mislead you when I speak of Mr. Hardy as “confining himself to Napoleon”. “Excluding Mrs. Meynell” would be more accurate. He is so very comprehensive. Pitt, Sheridan, Nelson, George III., and, throughout Europe everyone who played a notable part during the First Empire—here they all are, in company with various spirits, shades and choruses, marshalled into the scope of six acts and thirty-five scenes. Nor has Mr. Hardy done with them yet. This book is but a third of his scheme. The trilogy will comprise nineteen acts and one hundred and thirty scenes. Prodigious, is it not? And it marks its schemer as (in the stricter sense of the word) a prodigy. Normally, the great writer, forsaking the form of his greatness, gravitates to littler forms. The theme may be great or little, but he treats it within a little compass. Mr. Hardy's vitality would seem to have diminished only for his own special form. At any rate, it is such that he believes it sufficient for an attack on the illimitable and the impossible.

Impossible his task certainly is. To do perfectly what he essays would need a syndicate of much greater poets than ever were born into the world, working in an age of miracles. To show us the whole world, as seen, in a time of stress, by the world that is unseen by us! Whoever so essays must be judged according to the degree by which his work falls infinitely short of perfection. Mr. Hardy need not fear that test. “The Dynasts” is a noble achievement, impressive, memorable.

To say that it were easy to ridicule such a work is but a tribute to the sublimity of Mr. Hardy's intent, and to the newness and strangeness of his means. It is easy to smile at sight of all these great historic figures reduced to the size of marionettes. I confess that I, reading here the scene of the death of Nelson, was irresistibly reminded of the same scene as erst beheld by me, at Brighton, through the eyelet of a peep-show, whose proprietor strove to make it more realistic for me by saying in a confidential tone “‘Ardy, ‘Ardy, I am wounded, ‘Ardy. —Not mortally, I ‘ope, my lord?—Mortally, I fear, ‘Ardy.” The dialogue here is of a different and much worthier kind; yet the figures seem hardly less tiny and unreal. How could they be life-sized and alive, wedged into so small a compass between so remote and diverse scenes? Throughout this play the only characters who stand to human height, drawing the breath of life, are the Wessex peasants. “When”, says Mr. Hardy in his preface, “‘The Trumpet Major’ was printed, more than twenty years ago, I found myself in the tantalising position of having touched the fringe of a vast international tragedy without being able, through limits of plan, knowledge, and opportunity, to enter further into its events; a restriction that prevailed for many years”. Well, that restriction has vanished. But remains the difference between a writer's power to project the particular thing which he has known lovingly in youth and his power to project the general thing which he has studied in maturity. For my own part, I wish these Wessex peasants had been kept out of “The Dynasts”. They mar the unity of an effect which is, in the circumstances, partially correct. The general effect of littleness does, without doubt, help the illusion which Mr. Hardy seeks to create. That miraculous syndicate of which I dreamed anon would have kept the figures as tiny as here they seem—as tiny, but all alive, like real men and women beheld from a great distance.

Pushing ingenuity a step further, one might even defend the likeness of these figures to automata. For

Mr. Hardy's aim is to show them, not merely as they appear to certain supernal, elemental spirits, but also as blindly obedient to an Immanent Will, which

“works unconsciously, as heretofore,
Eternal artstries in Circumstance,
Whose patterns, wrought by rapt æsthetic rote
Seem in themselves Its single listless aim,
And not their consequence”.

From the Overworld the Spirit of the Years watches the eternal weaving of this pattern. The Spirit Ironical watches, too, smiling. The Spirit Sinister, too, watches laughing. There is a Spirit of the Pities; but she is young, as Mr. Hardy insists, and quite helpless. Beneath them “Europe is disclosed as a prone and emaciated figure, and the branching mountain-chains like ribs, the peninsular plateau of Spain forming a head. . . . The point of view then sinks downwards through space, and draws near to the surface of the perturbed countries, where the peoples, distressed by events which they did not cause, are seen writhing, crawling, heaving, and vibrating in their various cities and nationalities. . . . A new and penetrating light descends, enduing men and things with a seeming transparency, and exhibiting as one organism the anatomy of life and movement in all humanity”. The Spirits draw nearer still to earth. They flit over the English ground, near the open Channel. A stage-coach passes. “See now”, says one of the passengers to another, “how the Channel and coast open out like a chart. . . . One can see half across to France up here”. The irony of this contrast between their vision and the vision just vouchsafed to us strikes the keynote of the whole drama. How ridiculous that historic debate in the House of Commons! Sheridan thundering at Pitt, and Pitt at Sheridan, and above them in the gallery, in the guise of human Strangers, those abstract Spirits, sitting till they are “spied” by an officious Member! Anon these Spirits are in the cathedral of Milan. Napoleon, in all his trappings, places the crown of Lombardy upon his brow. Before him the Cardinal Archbishop swings a censor. The organ peals an anthem. “What”, asks the Spirit of the Pities, “is the creed that these rich rites disclose?” And the Spirit of the Years answers

“A local thing called Christianity,
Which the wild dramas of this wheeling sphere
Include, with divers other such, in dim,
Pathetical, and brief parentheses”.

The Imperial procession passes out to the palace. “The exterior of the cathedral is seen, but the point of view recedes, the whole fabric smalling into distance and becoming like a rare, delicately-carved ornament. The city itself sinks to miniature, the Alps show afar as a white corrugation . . . clouds cover the panorama”, and our next sight is of the dockyard at Gibraltar. Thus we range hither and thither, with the Spirits, listening to their reflections on the infinite littleness and helplessness and unmeaning of all things here below. We see, at last, the toy field of Austerlitz, and the toy death-bed of Pitt. Thereat the book closes, looking strangely like a duodecimo.

The book closes, and (so surely has it cast its spell on us) seems a quite fugitive and negligible little piece of work. We wonder why Mr. Hardy wrote it; or rather, one regrets that the Immanent Will put him to the trouble of writing it. “Wot's the good of anythink? Wy, nothink” was the refrain of a popular coster-song some years ago, and Mr. Hardy has set it ringing in our ears again. But presently the mood passes. And, even as in the stage-directions of “The Dynasts” we see specks becoming mountain-tops, so do we begin to realise that we have been reading a really great book. An imperfect book, as I have said—inevitably imperfect. And less perfect than it might quite easily have been. That Mr. Hardy is a poet, in the large sense of the word, nobody will dare deny. But his poetry expresses itself much more surely and finely through the medium of prose than through the medium of rhyme and metre. I wish he had done “The Dynasts” in prose, of which he has a mastery, rather than in a form wherein he has to wrestle—sometimes quite successfully—for his effects. No one, again, will deny that Mr. Hardy is, in the large sense of the word, a dramatist. But his

drama expresses itself better through narration than through dialogue and stage-directions. He writes here not for the stage; and, except an eye to the stage, there is no reason or excuse for using a form which must always (be our dramatic imagination never so vivid) hamper and harass us in the study. But, when every reservation has been made, "The Dynasts" is still a great book. It is absolutely new in that it is the first modern work of dramatic fiction in which free-will is denied to the characters. Free-will is supposed to be a thing necessary to human interest. If it were so indeed, we should get no excitement from Homer. Not that Mr. Hardy's negation resembles Homer's. Achilles and the rest were life-sized puppets, whose strings were being pulled, at near hand, by gods scarcely larger than they. Mr. Hardy's puppets are infinitesimal—mere "electrons", shifted hither and thither, for no reason, by some impalpable agency. Yet they are exciting. Free-will is not necessary to human interest. Belief in it is, however, necessary to human life. Cries Mr. Hardy's Spirit of the Pities

"This tale of Will
And Life's impulsion by Incognizance
I cannot take".

Nor can I. But I can take and treasure, with all gratitude, the book in which that tale is told so finely.

Having quite shaken off that awful sense of proportion which "The Dynasts" forced on me as I read it, I can turn, with proper enthusiasm, to the events of the moment. "Old Heidelberg" is back at the S. James'. The cast is as when first I saw it, except that Käthle is now played, very prettily, by Miss Lilian Braithwaite. From February 10th to 16th the O.U.D.S. will perform "As You Like It".

MAX BEERBOHM.

ORGANS AND ORGANISTS.

A GENTLEMAN who does not choose to reveal his name writes to complain that in my last article I speak of a "dead mummy", and somewhat pathetically he asks if ever I have seen a live one. The answer is no: all the mummies I ever saw were dead, and had been dead a considerable time. But if my anonymous friend wishes to view the nearest possible approach to a live one I recommend him to attend a meeting either of the College of Organists or of the Illiterate Society of Musicians. He will find them there, with their bodies erect, but with their ideas as completely mummified as if they had rested peacefully inside a pyramid for five thousand years. I have often wondered why the average organist is so extraordinarily dense. It is true he has to play with his feet; but that is no reason why he should not sometimes use his head. A man may be able, like Wagner, to stand on his head; but if he can do that he can also generally manage to make fair use of his feet. Attend a meeting of one of the bodies I have mentioned, and you would think that scarcely anything, save Mendelssohn, had happened in music for at least two hundred years. Bach and Handel are discussed as the latest developments of music. Consecutive fifths and false relations are treated as really important matters. You can learn there that "such was the ability of Mr. X. as a composer that after the production of his oratorio—he was knighted". To be knighted, to have many pupils, to occupy a lucrative position in some church—these are the grand ambitions of your ordinary organist. Should he compose, he writes anthems and organ fugues without consecutive fifths and false relations. And that is all.

It is many years now since I mixed much with organists; but when I read their precious journals I find the old game going on as merrily as ever. As if to remind me of their existence, also, the Walter Scott Publishing Company have just sent me "The Story of the Organ", a book by Mr. C. F. Abdy Williams. It is not, in its way, a bad book and though it contains little that is new it may prove interesting to those who know nothing of the organ. The historical part is rather for the antiquary than the musician; but the rest is lucid, and, if a trifle slack in the writing, cannot do anyone any harm. I object most strenuously, however, to the part dealing with phrasing. Phrasing is

a matter for a musician and not merely for a man who knows all about organs, and a musician feels this miserable business of chopping the music into sections to be entirely inartistic. The difficult thing in playing the organ is to get accent; and judging from the specimens of phrasing given by Mr. Williams, accent is the one thing he desires to avoid. Or rather, his method—which is the common organist's method—results in a number of cross-accents which render the music often quite unrecognisable. When the music is simple the effect is sufficiently distressing; but when we hear a Bach fugue played in this manner it is simply ludicrous. If an organist starts out with a bad phrasing he cannot keep it up; part after part enters and he is reduced at last to making a sad mess of the whole thing or to letting all phrasing go hang. I have often heard pieces so played that it was impossible to say whether they were in common or triple measure. When the ordinary member of the College of Organists plays an arrangement of some familiar orchestral movement or of a chorus one would say he was trying to make it as unlike the original as possible. There is no necessity whatever for this nonsense: it is inartistic, unmusical. The three finest organists I have heard—all dead now—Stainer, Best and Rea, never indulged in it. When Stainer used to play the accompaniments to Spohr's "Last Judgment" in S. Paul's Cathedral he phrased the music exactly as an orchestra would have phrased it, exactly as the composer intended it to be phrased. Rea used to play a Bach fugue in a manner absolutely simple, and the result was perfectly beautiful—one was not irritated by hearing the music cut up in an arbitrary, meaningless way into all sorts of absurd sections. Best did the same; and he made for Messrs. Augener an admirable edition of Bach which ought to be a counterblast to the musical doctors. It is by no means to be said that organ music should not be phrased at all. On the contrary, the most skilfully artistic sort is needed. But it is the first law of art that no efforts should be wasted. Unless for a special purpose a cross accent is the last thing in the world to be desired. Music should always go as smoothly as possible—nothing but highly undesirable disasters can ensue when the rhythm is changed, distorted, for no artistic reason whatever. Above all, in the old music—and nearly all the good organ music is old—that kind of thing is out of place. The older men did not write syncopated passages; in their extremely complicated contrapuntal music syncopation is not wanted. Even if one looks at the phrasing marks in Beethoven or Wagner one sees at once that they were all for simplicity; even they wanted to speak as directly as they could—they, who had a much more complex matter to express than the earlier men. Look at the last act of "Siegfried"—the scene where Siegfried arrives through the fire and finds Brünnhilde dozing on the mountain. There is a passage there for the violins, about twenty bars long, over which Wagner has drawn one slur, leaving it to the conductor and players to find the best means of getting a perfect legato. An organist would cut the thing into many pieces. Now a serpent thirty feet long may be an imposing beast; but I don't think one would go in awe of him if he were chopped in thirty pieces. An ox is a formidable animal when his digestive organs are out of order; but convert him into mincemeat and the merest infant can laugh him to scorn—and eat him.

This business of phrasing is important, because the old simple style of playing has gone out, superseded for the moment by a style which is entirely villainous. In England organists are not often musicians. They don't go to concerts; they carefully avoid the opera; they "learn" to play the organ from someone as stupid and as unmusically as themselves; and when they have "learnt" sufficient to pass an examination of the College of Organists they set out on the heroic career of teaching others to do even as they have done. So the manner of phrasing of which Mr. Williams gives many examples has rapidly become traditional. No one ventures to dispute its artistic righteousness. I do. It is inartistic, absurd, abominable—if space enough were at my disposal I could

exhaust the comminatory vocabulary of our language without saying a word too much. And while I am dealing with this matter there is a word to be said concerning another horrible trick of some English organists. You need not go far from Oxford Street to hear a gentleman who introduces every chord with an appoggiatura. The fruits of this custom are disgusting. It is not only the consecutive fifths and octaves to which exception can be taken: it is the continuous series of hideous irrelevant discords, void of beauty and of sense. If gentlemen who indulge in these antics can by any possible means be thrown out of employment, the sooner the better.

During my infancy it was noticed that I had distinctly ecclesiastical proclivities. I was extremely fond of going to church. But in time the sad truth was discovered: it was the organ and not the preacher I wanted to hear. Even now I would go a considerable distance to hear it well played. But it is becoming harder and harder to hear it well played, partly because of the vicious style so many organists have adopted, partly because we are being gradually inundated with bad organs. As mechanical devices have multiplied and the instrument has grown easier to handle, so have beauty and character of tone departed. The building of chamber organs is all but a lost art: the builders are mainly occupied in working for churches and public halls; and the authorities of churches and public halls always want as much as possible for their money. Consequently they get organs with a huge array of stops, but the handiwork is hasty and wretched and the metal is of the cheapest. And it follows as night the day that the tone is always colourless and often positively disagreeable. Only last year in London I played on an organ with three keyboards and any number of stops; but there was no difference between one stop and another—excepting that one was a trifle louder than another. Had the money wasted on this machine been spent on a one-manual instrument with a few stops, a lovely thing might have been made. But churchwardens and mayors want a host of fancy stops, and if fine builders won't supply them, there are plenty of bad ones. In the old organs the mechanism was a mere heap of makeshifts, but the pipes were perfect; in modern organs the mechanism is much better, but the pipes seem never to have been thought of. What must be attempted now is the application of electricity and air-pressure to making the organ a more musical instrument. So far as I know Mr. Casson is the only builder whose instruments are as fully developed as, say, the violin or piano; and it is time that organists instead of resting content to jog along in the old way, and writing histories of the organ, should consider what he has accomplished. Then in due time they can back their respective builders against the churchwardens, vicars and mayors and by getting mechanism and perfect pipes secure perfect organs.

JOHN F. RUNCIMAN.

THE VICE OF TAKING NOTES.

WHETHER this modern vice may justly be laid at the door of Dickens, we do not know; but we do know that its pestilential growth has acquired additional urticancy, in other words is all the more nettling, by its constant suggestion of one of those maddening tags from Dickens, whose endless iteration is a stumbling block to many sensitive and intellectual men's rightly appreciating Dickens' qualities. Every other fool you meet, when he drags out his dirty little note-book to record that you will call on him in an hour's time or that you have just asked him how he was, thinks it necessary to add "When found make a note of, as Captain Cuttle said". Why this remarkable saying, sufficiently boring in the original, should have caught on and become a standing witticism, or classic ineptitude, is absolutely impossible to explain. But we have grave suspicion that the extreme familiarity with the idea of taking notes which it has induced has been an unconscious but active agent in promoting that vice. We are also firmly persuaded that many carry about note-books and inscribe them solely with the object of being able to indulge in Captain Cuttle's joke. Either way we know hardly anything more irritating than to find a person you are trying to make

understand a simple proposition, instead of attending to you, diving into his pockets to find a note-book. When it is finally extricated, he has forgotten all you said, rather never heard it, and you have to repeat the whole story. He struggles to put it down and loses the sense doing so. No ordinary being can repress contempt for his fellow-man when he sees this process going on. And if Captain Cuttle comes in on the top of all, you do very well if you keep your temper.

The fact is that by this habit of taking notes we cease to be intelligent beings. We abdicate from our understandings: instead of taking in what is said and making our own minds act upon it so that it becomes an intelligent idea, we trust to a mechanical trick to reproduce the words said. If we are for one moment without the note-machine, we are lost: we are helpless babies. Every day one's ears are offended by hearing men going about raving at the loss of their note-book exactly as a man does when he has lost his key. Naturally, for his written notes are as much and as literally the keys to his intelligence as his other keys to his drawers. His understanding is fast locked. He has reduced himself to the pitiable condition of an idiot that has no memory or of one who has lost it by disease. The process, of course, is found in all stages: some men are just beginning to impair their memories and intelligence; others have weakened it permanently: others have almost destroyed it. Surely a habit which leads to these results is as truly a vice as cigarette-smoking or dram-drinking. Men become the slaves of their note-books, as of tobacco and drink.

And as we especially lament cigarette-smoking in babies and drinking in young men, so we resent the suggestion of the note-taking vice to boys and girls at school. Every schoolmaster and schoolmistress that trains children to trust to paper instead of memory for facts and ideas ought to be publicly prosecuted as a corrupter of youth. There is plenty of corruption besides the corruption of morals. Writing is a mere mechanical trick and has no legitimate use but for the transmission of thoughts to those you cannot get at easily by word of mouth. For a man to use it as an instrument for conveying his own thoughts to himself, or those of another which he has heard from the thinker's lips, is to debase his natural parts. Every boy and girl should be trained to spurn the help of notes, pen, and paper, as a device merely allowable at times to relieve excessive strain on the mind; a crutch for those naturally deficient or a stick allowable in steep or slippery places. They would despise a schoolfellow who, sound in body, became so dependent on his stick that he could never walk without leaning on it, instead of treating it as a plaything, a thing, if taken at all, to swing or carry lightly for nine-tenths of the walk. And as the arch-horror there should be put before their eyes the common case of a man who confesses he cannot string together a sentence, cannot think, unless he has a pen in his hand and paper before him: a melancholy degenerate, a whole man sound in limb and wind who has made himself unable to walk without a crutch.

The evil effects of taking notes are seen in the undergraduate; they are present in the clerk. The earnest undergraduate, who insists on taking down every word the lecturer says, toils on ever a sentence behind, and comes out from the lecture without any intelligent notion of what it was all about. He has never tried to understand. The famous case of the man who puzzled his examiners in philosophy by filling his papers with disquisitions on the "eye" is but an illustration. The unfortunate man in the breathless hurry of "taking down" had never time to consider that the sound he heard meant "I" and not "eye". His own ego was drowned in ink at the time. Professor Chandler, the greatest Aristotelian Oxford ever produced, deliberately advised his men not to attempt to take him down. It is a sure indication of a good lecturer if undergraduates say of him that he is no good for the Schools and is awful to take down. A man should leave the lecture with a new thought in his head not with new scribbling in his note-book.

And the clerk? He has a terrible case against his employers. By the use of shorthand they have made

him a mere machine; and without that crutch most shorthand clerks are very near to imbeciles. If allowed, they will take down on their cuffs a message of two words to the next room rather than endure the effort of remembering it. (Apart from the intellectual ravage, they should be restrained from blackening the subfuscous.) No employer has a right to permit such degrading degeneracy. He cannot avoid recourse to shorthand dictation, but it is his duty in every way possible to compel his clerks to use their brains. They should be forbidden on pain of dismissal to take down ordinary messages.

People are fond of deceiving themselves with the illusion that note-taking makes for accuracy. Not at all. Even when the actual words are necessary, it is a most treacherous device, for a mechanical trick takes the place of intelligence. "Eye" for "I" is always happening. And if you want the gist only, as nine times out of ten you do, notes are fatal: for you never get intelligent attention from a note-maker. We are not at all sure there was not much philosophy in the uncle of Phyllis in the "Golden Butterfly". It is extremely likely that a child, brought up in the society of intelligent people and accustomed to talk with them, and unable to write (or even read) would be more capable and much more interesting than the ordinary product of the A. B. C. mill.

A NATIONAL EXHIBITION.

I HAVE shown how the Academy devotes the national trust of the Chantrey Bequest to the reward of its own section among artists; I have shown how little its school can claim to be an academical school at all. I pass to the subject touched upon in my last article, its failure to provide a national exhibition, and the possible remedies.

As I have already insisted, the Academy now, whatever it may have been at earlier periods, is only one group or section of our artists among many, a section highly privileged by Royal favour and Parliamentary gift on the understanding that it performs a national function. I have no desire to minimise the importance of this group. It still remains the most important of all the groups; indeed, if we add to such painters as Messrs. Watts, Orchardson and Sargent, Messrs. Gilbert, Thornycroft and Swan from the sculptors, and Mr. Shaw from the architects, it might be plausibly argued that the Academy alone is equal in weight to the independent forces. On the other hand, if we consider the younger forces only, the balance in the exhibitions would be heavily against the Academy. Not only so: the Academy, by considering the interests of mediocrity rather than of talent, loses, for its own exhibition, the character that its better artists might give it; the crowd of poor and flashy painters has made it a by-word. But the mischief of this host of bad painters does not end there. Their presence crowds out whole classes of art from the Academy. The applied arts, engraving, drawing, water-colour painting have all been forced to find exhibitions elsewhere. This process is not ended: the sculptors, even, are forming a separate association, and the architects will very likely be obliged to do the same.

Let me repeat, to make this disposition of the forces clear, a diagrammatic plan. There is no attempt, I may explain, to represent comparative weight by size.

I.—THE ESTABLISHED AND ENDOWED GROUP.

The Royal Academy.

II.—THE SEMI-INDEPENDENT GROUPS.

The Royal Societies (Institute, Old Water-Colour Society, British Artists, Painter-Etchers).

III.—THE INDEPENDENT GROUPS.

New English Art Club.

Arts and Crafts Society.

The "International" Group.

From this grouping is omitted, besides various minor

bodies, the Royal Scottish Academy, which contains several important artists not seen at Burlington House.

Now it may be remembered that this illustration of the present grouping of forces was employed in an article on the national representation of British art at the S. Louis Exhibition. The Academy at first took the line, in that matter, that a purely academical committee was competent to arrange a national exhibition in another country. But the evidence of previous exhibitions was against them, and it became clear to them that the result of pressing this claim would be disastrous to the exhibition. They therefore gave way, and invited what I have called the Independent groups as well as the Semi-independent to appoint representatives on the committee. One of these groups unfortunately stood out, but two came in, with the result that instead of the Academy alone being fully represented at S. Louis, something more adequate as a national exhibition was amicably arranged.

I am not sure that the Academicians saw the full bearings of what they were doing at the time, but I consider that this committee, whatever it may have done for S. Louis, marked an important step in the home politics of art. It is remarkable how a claim that is endlessly resisted and obstructed in the customary arena is instantly seen to be a fair one if the ground is a little shifted. Here has been the Arts and Crafts group claiming for years a place for the applied arts in the Academy and its exhibitions, and the claim has been refused or ignored. Here has been the New English Art Club group demanding for years changes in the constitution of the Academy by which exhibitors would be properly represented on the selecting jury, and that claim too has been refused or ignored. And here, just because the site of the exhibition was altered from the sacred soil of Burlington House to a pavilion somewhere in America, the fairness of these claims is granted with but a slight demur. The same gentlemen who, entrenched behind the rules and regulations and offices of the Academy, find it impossible to modify these rules regulations and offices so as to secure a national exhibition at home, at once give up, when they meet as a committee outside the Academy's machinery and its superstitions, a foolish and damaging conflict, and act like reasonable beings.

Very well: the Academy, on this neutral American ground, has granted all that was asked for. The applied arts appear as an integral part of the exhibition, and the non-academical societies were represented on the committee of selection. I wish now to suggest, before the Academicians retire from the free and friendly air of this co-operation into the strange nightmare conditions of official tradition, that they should consider a very simple and obvious question. It is this. If it is so easy to arrange a really national exhibition in S. Louis or any other foreign place, why is it impossible to do it at home? Is London the one place in the world where it cannot be done? Or, to be strictly accurate, the west of London, for a single-handed gallery-director, Mr. Aitken, at Whitechapel, with none of the resources of Burlington House, has found it possible in the East of London to bring the various forces together. In the provinces, too, the impossibilities vanish, with a little good will. At this moment a committee is working harmoniously to arrange an exhibition for one of the new provincial galleries, a committee on which the Academy is represented as well as the independents. The result will be something very different from the traditional provincial exhibitions, formed too frequently from the dregs of the summer Academies.

Put it in this way: leave out of question, for the present, the summer exhibition, in which those same nightmare conditions prevent anything reasonable being done. But there is another time of year, the autumn, when nothing is done with the Academy's galleries. Suppose the not very wild idea occurred to the Academy to use its galleries at that season as if they were in America and the only idea was to make a good and fair collection, to organise a national retrospective exhibition of the work of the last ten or fifteen years, gathering up the various threads that the Academy has, to its infinite damage, dropped. All that is needed is a small committee of Academicians acting with representatives

of the independent societies.* How easy and desirable that is in itself. But it would be still more valuable as an experimental illustration, on the shifted ground, of how the summer exhibition of the Academy ought to be organised. I have been convinced ever since I have had to deal with exhibitions, that the tinkering spoken of as "reform" in the Academy are not worth considering, and that the only useful change will be a radical one, made necessary by the process that has been steadily reducing the Academy to the position of one sect among many.

What is the necessary change? It has been evident to all clear-headed Academy reformers that one feature at least must be swept away, and that is Associateship. Associateship is an ingenious trap by which dangerous artists (that is artists who are still alive) may be held in a state of suspended animation during their early years at the Academy, till the selfish traditions of the place have thoroughly soaked in, and ideas of reform have become dim. Listen, for example, to Mr. La Thangue, who was once a dangerous reformer outside the Academy. "There is one point to which too much attention cannot be drawn, and which cannot be reiterated too often. The point is that the Royal Academy elects its own members, and that they are elected for life. This is the diseased root from which the other evils grow: until this is torn up nothing but evil will be the fruit."† Mr. La Thangue proposed as a remedy annual election for a year only. Mr. La Thangue was tempted in, and is still an associate, with no power in the government of the Academy, and there very likely he will remain till all the ferment is out of him. He did not resign at the end of his first year, and he has probably changed his views by this time.

But Mr. La Thangue was perfectly right. The first necessity is the abolition of associateship, but the ideal is the abolition of academicianship. It would be something to have a fresh current of air set up from outside straight into the Council: what is really wanted is that the Council should be no more than a committee elected by the whole body of exhibitors, to organise the exhibition. It is not necessary that all the members of such a committee should be elected every year, and those who were generally recognised as fair-minded and capable would in practice be permanent. What is necessary is a means of getting rid of the incapable, the dishonest and the fossilised, and of providing a check on weak human nature which is absent in life-appointments.

It is always argued against this proposal that nothing so radical will ever have a chance of acceptance. I believe that the force of events will sooner or later bring it about, and the sooner the better. The alternative is the formation, as in France and other countries, of a strong opposition body indistinguishable in authority from the established institution. The history of the churches shows how difficult it is to recombine dissenters even when the original cause of the dissent has ceased to have meaning or force. It is still possible for the Academy to recover a central position, but the chance may very quickly pass away, and vested interests grow up on the other side. I express my own views, not those of any society or party; but it has been my business for some years now to watch the play of forces, and I should be sorry to see the sectarian arrangement, which has been necessary for a time, stamped as permanent.

D. S. MACCOLL.

THE CITY.

IN stagnant and see-saw markets it becomes increasingly difficult to write anything interesting about the Stock Exchange. The rain continues to drip outside, and inside everybody continues to wait upon the apparently interminable negotiations between Russia and Japan. It is admitted on all hands that the war will be localised, and if localised cannot affect the majority of securities dealt in on the London Stock Exchange. Yet until the matter be decided one way or the other, few are inclined to buy, and fewer still to

sell. A "bear" operation would be unquestionably dangerous, as in the event of Russia deciding not to fight, there would be an immediate advance all round. How, for instance, could a war in the Far East affect South African mining shares, or the securities of American and Argentine railways? Not a sixpenny-worth, yet operators will not deal while the uncertainty lasts. Americans are a particularly unsatisfactory market, for with the exception of Baltimore and Ohio, which steadily rise, other speculative favourites, like Union Pacifics and Southern Pacifics go up a dollar one day and down a dollar the next. Argentine rails have been very steady, Rosario ordinary rising to 90, and the deferred to 81. We are now within a week or so of the period when the maize crop will be assured, and then, barring war in the East, the Argentine market will take the bit in its teeth. Even war cannot affect Argentines for more than a few days. The Chinese Labour Law has passed the Legislative Council of the Transvaal, so that it is now certain that the experiment will be tried. But will it be successful? We think it will, but we also think that not until it has been proved successful, will prices in the South African market substantially improve. That will probably not be until April: or perhaps the public will wait before buying until the output of the mines begins materially to increase, which will not be until May or June. As the market always discounts future events, we are inclined to place April as the date when a rise will begin.

The deadlock between the Marylebone Borough Council and the Metropolitan Electric Supply Company continues. It is unthinkable that Parliament should pass an Act cancelling an award given under an Act for the sale and purchase passed in a previous session. It is therefore increasingly probable that the Marylebone Council will be driven to accept, *faute de mieux*, the offer of the Metropolitan Electric Supply Company to take bonds in payment of the sum awarded, and to lease the lighting business at a rent sufficient to pay the interest on the bonds at $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., thus leaving the council to provide the sinking fund, for which a rate of 2d. in the pound would suffice. If this should be the issue, Metropolitan Electric Supply shares are worth buying at 18, as there will be a considerable bonus paid on each share out of the award, and independently of these tiresome proceedings, the company has been doing so well during the last quarter of its financial year that it will probably pay a larger dividend than last year.

The report of the committee of impartial business men appointed by the shareholders of the Associated Northern Blocks to inquire into and report upon the alleged share-dealings of their directors has resulted in a triumph for Mr. Landau, who has been reinstated in his position as chairman of the board. It was reported that Mr. Landau had dealt largely in the shares of the company, having sold 5,618 shares out of 11,000 shares of which he was the registered owner, and having bought 20,000 shares and sold 23,000 shares, apparently on open account. But "the committee could find no evidence that Mr. Landau had been in communication with the officials in Western Australia". As this, we understand, was the gravamen of the charge against Mr. Landau, he is completely exonerated. How far a director is justified in dealing in the shares of his company is a nice question. A director is trustee for the shareholders, and he must therefore sell his shares to or buy his shares from those persons for whom he is a trustee. In addition to this fiduciary relation, he must inevitably acquire information about the property before the shareholders. On the other hand, it would be hard to forbid a director, who held a large number of shares, from realising his investment, or a portion of it, should he want money. Perhaps the soundest proposition to lay down is that a director should not operate largely and systematically in the shares of his own company, especially on open account, for then it may be justly suspected that he is using his superior knowledge for his own advantage and to the detriment of those whose trustee he is. Everybody of course is talking of Whitaker Wright. On reading the transactions of the Globe, one is astonished that brokers and jobbers can be such fools as to carry over enormous

* The proceeds might be handed over to the National Art Collections Fund, for the purchase of modern works of art.

† Quoted from the "Magazine of Art", November 1888, by Mr. Laidlay in "The Royal Academy, its Uses and Abuses".

blocks of shares without inquiring into the financial resources of the operator. Whitaker Wright was carrying over at one time 105,000 Lake Views, representing at that time a value of £1,500,000. A fall of $\frac{1}{2}$ meant a loss of £50,000. We do not suppose that one firm had the whole account. But still everything is known in "the House". The temptation to make a "comm." is apparently irresistible. Hence "red ruin and the breaking up of laws".

SUN LIFE POLICIES.

THE Sun Life Assurance Society must spend a small fortune on postage. It would seem as if almost everybody living in a respectable neighbourhood is destined to receive a leaflet from this company several times a year. The special scheme which the Sun is pushing at the present time is life assurance without medical examination. The reports of the society indicate that the system is popular, as its record of new business has very greatly increased since the announcement was made that medical examination could be dispensed with. It was felt in some quarters that it was a somewhat risky policy for a Life office to dispense with medical examination, since it might result in the acceptance of inferior lives, and so have an unfavourable effect upon the mortality experience of the office. We believe that up to the present time these fears have not been realised, and that the Sun has every reason to be satisfied with the results of its new departure.

It is, however, difficult to see where the attractions come in for the policy-holder. The leaflets issued by the Sun talk about this question in very foolish fashion. They say "The ordinary individual approaches the Life office in a spirit of awe. He pictures in his mind the various ordeals which he believes await him." He feels "a most intense dislike", and "a lingering dread that the trained eye of the expert will detect in us some hitherto unsuspected flaw" the knowledge of which "would poison our future existence". It is to be regretted that a respectable office should talk in this way for the purpose of inducing people to take policies which, in the great majority of cases, are inferior to the assurance they could obtain in the Sun or elsewhere at the same cost after presenting themselves for medical examination.

The state of a man's health is a very material feature in his contract with a Life office, and it is proper that the office should have the fullest information on the point. If a man is in good health he obtains the benefit of being so, since he gets his assurance on the best terms: if, on the other hand, he is an inferior risk, it is only fair to other policy-holders that he should pay more for his assurance protection. Under the new policies of the Sun a man not only pays a higher premium but in the event of death during the first year he receives only one-third of the nominal amount of his policy, and in the event of death during the second year only two-thirds. There is too the further very distinct drawback that the policies in the Sun, whether with or without profits, or whether with or without medical examination, yield results which are inferior to those obtainable from many other companies. Few, if any, of the very best offices take people without medical examination, so that it is doubly foolish to effect assurance without being examined. It limits the choice of offices, precluding the selection of the best companies, and involves increased cost.

These remarks principally apply to policies for £100 or over: for smaller policies the scheme of the Sun has many attractions. The society makes a special feature of monthly premiums, and by so doing caters for a large class of people who might otherwise take policies in Industrial Life offices at much more expensive rates. So far as the Sun attracts this class of people it is doing excellent work and giving the benefits of Life assurance on more favourable terms than they could be obtained otherwise. It has always been a matter of regret that Life assurance for the poorer classes has been so expensive. The Industrial offices spend 40 to 50 per cent. of the premiums received upon commission and expenses. Such an expenditure is by no means

extravagant when the cost of the weekly collection of pence is considered; and if people who have hitherto paid for their policies weekly could see their way to providing 5s. a month (the smallest amount the Sun will accept) they would be able to obtain their assurance on much better terms.

It thus appears that the system of assurance which the Sun is advertising so extensively is excellent for people who cannot afford a policy for £100: but it is distinctly inferior and inadvisable for those who wish to assure for this or a larger sum.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE NATIONAL PHYSIQUE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

3 Chichester Place, Brighton.

SIR,—Permit me to thank you for the article on "The National Physique", and to say how cordially I agree with the views of the writer—who seems to have gone to the "root" of the matter. I have for many years thought that the liberty allowed as to marriage is detrimental to us as a nation, and go so far as to maintain that a medical certificate as to fitness should be compulsory. We have heard a good deal about "a free breakfast table", but I think that what the people of this country should be brought to see is that cheap sugar, tea, and bread are not really an advantage. One of the results of cheap sugar is an enormous increase in the consumption of "sweets", which is bad. Cheap tea means adulteration and excessive use of this commodity—effect, anæmia and ruin of nervous system. So-called cheap bread means mal-nutrition. My contention is that if the people had to pay a little more for these articles and they got real value for their money they would be better off in every way.

Another of the evils of the present day is the love of excitement. This is bad for both parents and children. It causes neglect of children by parents, and fosters an unhealthy appetite in the children—which is bad for them—physically and mentally. I plead for a return to simplicity. That the increase of wealth has caused a decline in physique may be—as your correspondent "V. Herbert" says—"unproved and unprovable"; but an increase of wealth means an increase of luxury—and what does that mean? Has it not generally meant "the beginning of the end"? The influence of wealth is not necessarily and always beneficial. I may be pessimistic—but the influence of wealth in this country seems to me to be producing social "rot".

Have we not as a nation become worshippers of the Golden Calf?

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

ARTHUR NEWBOLD.

"CRAMMED WITH DISTRESSFUL BREAD."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—In the correspondence upon cheapness of food, initiated by Mr. Petgrave in issue of 10 October ult., that gentleman specially mentions a lamentable waste of bread. Upon that portion of Mr. Petgrave's letter I have made sundry inquiries and notes.

Walking through the byways of a large town leads one to observe great numbers of pieces, large and small, of bread cast forth, presumably by poor persons, into the streets. Scavengers say that among street sweepings and midden refuse are "tons of bread". In suburban districts I have seen great quantities of bread, not only thrown away broadcast, but also carefully placed upon the walls of areas and gardens. This, I am informed, is intended for the delectation of "the poor birds"—droves of dirty and dissipated sparrows, who (existing to the detriment of other and more useful birds) would be better off the earth than upon it. Others tell me that thousands of crusts, many not stale, are given to small tradesmen for consumption by their horses.

The ultimate height of "bread dispensation" is obtained by pigs, whose diet forms a trade per se. This is fully described in a newspaper, the "Yorkshire

Post", of 4th inst. ("How beggars live. Mendicants who trade in broken bread"). From this it appears, 1. That bread and cakes are wasted wholesale; 2. That much charity is misplaced and its ends perverted; and 3. That the bread collected by the beggars is sold by them at an average of about 4½d. per 14 lbs. These facts lead to two conclusions. Firstly, that Mr. Petgrave's allusion to an awful waste of bread is founded on fact; and, secondly, that, in the face of such wicked destruction of human food, the outcry about "the big and little loaf" is contemptible. The first axiom of sound and careful housekeeping is that "the breadpan shall be cleared"—not for waste but for use—"daily".

Yours faithfully,
A WARWICKSHIRE MAN.

ETIQUETTE AND THE EAST.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Newquay, Cornwall.

SIR,—The rebuke, which you administered to those who have used strong language against the Tsar, was deserved. Such words only weaken the strong case which exists against him. For while he calls himself a ruler devoted to peace, his wresting of Port Arthur from Japan, like the annexation of Alsace and Lorraine, was the sowing of interminable hostility. Indeed it was even more certain to produce this calamitous result than was the determination of Count von Moltke to retain Metz. For the Kaiser had fairly won that which he secured, whereas the Tsar acquired an impregnable harbour, which offers a constant menace to Japan, without firing a shot. As for his retention of Manchuria, this is also a deadly menace to Japan, but it is at the same time an offence to all the nations, who had acted in concert against China. For at the signing of the peace, which their joint action had secured, the Tsar promised to give back to China that province, which commands her capital, and opens the door to the conquest of the whole Empire. Moreover he subsequently fixed the day for evacuation. Yet, although that day is long past, he remains still.

That the big boys of the Great National School of the World should have permitted the new boy, the youngest, and the smallest among them to fight on their behalf the big fellow, who is in the habit of filling his pockets at the expense of the lower boys, is not creditable to them. At least they might remind him, that it was he, who, not long ago, called them all together to inform them that fighting was a barbarous and most unchristian proceeding, and consequently that they ought to submit all their quarrels to arbitration.

R. W. ESSINGTON.

OUR DAVY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Carlton Club, Pall Mall, S.W.

25 January, 1904.

SIR,—The anecdote referred to in your REVIEW of the 23rd instant, under the above heading, in which an "old woman was told that her son had been made prisoner at Culloden, and was being marched southward, one of a train of captives fettered two and two; and replied 'The Lord help the man that's chained to our Davy,'" cannot but recall to many memories the old story of Sir David Baird and his venerable mother.

As I remember that story, Sir David Baird (then a captain in the 73rd Highlanders), after displaying prodigies of valour, was captured at Perimbucum in 1780, during Hyder Ali's perfidious attack on a small British force, and chained between two natives was thrown into a dungeon at Seringapatam, where he remained for nearly four years.

When the news of his sad fate reached this country, certain friends started off to Newbyth, in Aberdeenshire, to inform his mother; and, after breaking it gently and kindly to her, were received with the reply, "Heaven help the pair chiel that's chained to our Davy".

It would be interesting to know which is the true story, or whether both cases occurred.

It is too good to be forgotten, or attributed to an

anonymous Scot, if it was true, as I believe, of Mrs. Baird, whose gallant son afterwards volunteered for and led the forlorn hope at the storming and taking of Seringapatam, where he had been so long imprisoned.

Your obedient servant,
H. W. TYLER.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

31 Farm Street, Berkeley Square, London, W.

26 January, 1904.

SIR,—Although in these iconoclastic days one should be prepared for anything, I cannot but demur to the article which appeared under the above heading in your last issue, as being injurious alike to a good story and a good man. According to it, the ejaculation—"The Lord help the man that's chained to our Davy"—was uttered by the mother of one of the Culloden prisoners, when she heard that they were being marched southwards fettered two and two, and signified that her son was "gey ill to live with". But the story, as I have always known it, has quite a different complexion, its hero being no nameless nobody but a well-known public character, and the circumstances, of both time and place, far removed from Culloden Moor. The tale is thus told by Dean Ramsay:

"Mrs. Baird of Newbyth, the mother of our distinguished countryman the late General Sir David Baird, was always spoken of as a grand specimen of her class. When the news arrived from India of the gallant but unfortunate action of '84 against Hyder Ali, in which her son was engaged, it was stated that he and other officers taken prisoners had been chained together two and two. The friends were careful in breaking such sad news to the mother of Captain Baird. When, however, she was able fully to understand the position, disdaining all weak and useless expressions of grief, and knowing well the restless and athletic habits of her son, all she said was, 'Lord pity the chiel that's chained to our Davie'."

I venture to think that this looks much more like a true version than the other.

I am, &c.

JOHN GERARD.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Nunthorpe, Guildford, 25 January, 1904.

SIR,—It was the mother of Sir David Baird, the Indian hero, who said "Pity the man who's chained to our Davie" when she heard that he and another officer were chained together in the Eastern despot's prison.

H. B.

MOLUBDINOUS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Kenchester, 26 January, 1904.

SIR,—Mea maxima culpa! Of course Professor Skeat and Mr. Frere are right, and I am wrong. May I plead in extenuation of a vocabular crime that fifty years ago I recall certain Oxford chaff prevalent among undergraduates, who contrived to extract, if not blood out of a stone, at all events sweet out of the bitter of such data as were required by our exacting examiners? At that time of day, some academical mountain was in labour and brought forth "molubdinous", "bomolochous", "megalopreposes", "apolaustic", and other pedantic slang terms, derived chiefly from Aristotle. I think it helped us towards the ordeal of the schools when, after perpetrating a pun, we found ourselves derided as "bomolochous", or when we jibbed at the Platonic "idea", being denounced as "molubdinous". But, bien entendu, our translativ intelligence must have been obfuscated to overlook the harmless, necessary "y".

Here is an iterated lesson in the canon of our old chief, Dr. Routh, "verify your references". The dear old boy in his hundredth year was wiser far than the man who digs up a blunder. But I am bound to plead, I did not invent it. I did but echo the ineptitude of a now remote past.

COMPTON READE.

REVIEWS.

NINETEENTH-CENTURY LITERATURE.

"English Literature." Vol. IV. By Edmund Gosse. London: Heinemann. 1903. 16s. net.

"Chambers' Cyclopædia of English Literature." Vol. III. London: Chambers. 1903. 10s. 6d. net.

WE wonder whether when Dr. Armstrong has persuaded our Universities to discard those ancient superfluities Greek and Latin, either or both of these books will supply the training in English literature which is to accomplish such marvels of intellectual improvement. Acquaintance with English literature would mean reading a great quantity of the kind of information we find in these large volumes; and to suppose that by any manipulation it could be made to take the place of the Greek and Latin discipline, as is proposed, is utterly absurd. Nor is it intended that these books should serve any such purpose. The publishers suppose quite rightly that many people of quite unacademic ambitions would like to read short biographies of English authors, prefaced or interspersed with pleasant, easy and unambitious criticism: so that they may have a fair general idea of the course of literature over a certain period and a scale of the relative positions of the writers. The Dictionary of National Biography is too formal and cumbersome, and it has no pictures; the Encyclopædia Britannica, though it has pictures, is too redundant of other kinds of matter: and in short there is an evident opportunity for such a biographical compilation as has been described. Mr. Heinemann and Messrs. Chambers have each contributed in the preceding and present volumes their notion of what is suitable for the readers they aim at instructing and entertaining. They have produced books written in a popular style, useful for purposes of reference, and Mr. Heinemann's production especially is full of interesting illustrations of a great deal of what may be called literary curios. In respect of style the third volume of Messrs. Chambers' production seems better written than the fourth volume of Mr. Heinemann's; but it lags far behind in the matter of illustrations. Mr. Gosse in undertaking to deal with the whole of the nineteenth-century writers has had a task which must sink in the hands of any one man into hackwork at least in parts. There is plenty of evidence that this has happened in Mr. Gosse's case. His compilation of biographies in the manner of a dictionary or cyclopædia has interfered with the possibilities of pure criticism; his material seems to have discouraged him and his strenuous efforts to bear up under his burden have resulted in much writing which surprises us as coming from Mr. Gosse.

On one page we find concerning Cowper sentences which, so far from showing any of the "tortured carefulness of phrase" which might rather be expected from Mr. Gosse, suggest that he was far from supposing he was engaged in erecting a monument to his literary reputation. He speaks of an impossible courtship being "nipped in its earlier stages"; Cowper made the acquaintance "of a cultivated family of Unwins"; and he went into that family "as a paying guest"; a phrase borrowed from the shabby-genteel jargon of the modern boarding-house keeper. That Mr. Gosse had not cultivated readers in view seems evident from such commonplace commenting as that on Mrs. Browning. It is indeed the mechanical kind of criticism we find in handbooks of English literature. Good taste shrinks from "O Lyric Love, half angel and half bird" being altered to "A Lyric Love" apparently for the sake of fitting into a sentence which tells of "the sarcophagus designed by Leighton". And nothing could be a more inadequate rendering of the poetry of those most beautiful lines of Browning than the explanation that "this famous description of her husband's refers to the extreme fragility of her form". We can imagine an examination paper in English literature putting a question as to its meaning and obtaining such a dry crude and uninspired kind of answer. Another sentence on quite a matter of prose is puzzling. It might be asked why Price and Priestley who "ran" the French Revolution in England should be described as "the pathetic victims of Burke's splendid

indignation". This is not the puzzle however but the statement that "in 1791 a direct attack on the 'Reflections' took up the cudgels in defence". That is curious metaphor—a direct attack taking up the cudgels of defence; the attack that defended being Paine's "Rights of Man"; which had a circulation that coloured public opinion; another strange metaphor to be employed by a man of Mr. Gosse's literary skill.

As to both books it would be of interest to know what good purpose the editors thought would be served by piling up the decapitated trunks and disjecta membra of the originally fair bodies of living poetry. They lie around hideously as in a literary shambles and the sight makes one shudder. A few verses from the "Intimations of Immortality"; chunks from Keats; the "Adonais" with the best verses left out; thirty or forty lines from "Sordello" or "Sohrab and Rustum"; how can these possibly be adequately representative of the poems from which they are taken? There was no room for more may be the answer; but the reply is that it is a waste of space to give them at all. The case is even worse with the prose specimens; and the impression produced is that we are sampling the sort of literary browsings from a book of "Elegant Extracts" which used to be supplied by the hostess of a country hotel we knew for the benefit of her visitors. Leaving this objectionable element in both books, we return to the position from which we started that it was a task beyond one man to do justice to the whole mass of writers of the nineteenth century. In previous volumes of the "English Literature" the material was more easy to deal with—Dr. Garnett and Mr. Gosse collaborated; and technical scholarship rather than literary criticism was their main feature. As a good deal of it is compilation no man could bear this burden and at the same time be alert to the higher literary aspects of his subject. The Cyclopædia's method of apportioning the book among various eminent "hands" is better. Mr. Gosse naturally goes along what to him is the line of least resistance—the purely literary; but the conditions impose on him the necessity of writing on the philosophers and the scientific historians; and it does not at all follow that the critic of Wordsworth or Shelley or Keats is at home with Spencer or Darwin. In his Spencer sketch we notice a statement which seems the reverse of the truth. He remarks that "It follows that Mr. Spencer is an ultra-individualist, who brings not biology alone, but all precedent forces of knowledge to the aid of his ideas". As a fact no one has ever been able to understand how Spencer's "central theory" led him to his position; and it has always seemed absolutely illogical on his own principles.

Amongst the historians of the nineteenth century Buckle cannot be disregarded: yet there is nothing said of him. This is less strange however than the inadequate treatment of Bailey the author of "Festus" whose mystery might have been more satisfactorily cleared up than it is here. In one of several casual references Mr. Gosse remarks that "The more impressionist and irregular passages of 'Maud' are, in fact, the most salient records in English literature of 'spasmodic' poetry of which Philip James Bailey was the actual pioneer". If that is so then it would seem that Mr. Gosse on his own principles of criticism, which he thinks largely consist of tracing the development of ideas from one stage to another, owed to Bailey something more than a few lines of biographical facts and about twenty lines of quotation from "Festus". As Mr. Gosse has restricted himself to writers no longer living we find of Meredith and Swinburne in this volume nothing but a few by-the-way references, and their portraits which seem somewhat superfluous. We have nothing to say against Mr. Gosse's views of criticism as being something more than the personal impressions of individual critics. A scientific criticism may enable the same reader to take "an intelligent pleasure in Pope and in Wordsworth in Spenser and in Swift" by the aid of Herbert Spencer and the evolution theory. But if we are to appreciate poets after this fashion, why are we told that there is no

classifying Blake, on whom neither classicism nor his own epoch left any mark whatever, and who was all "sensitiveness and lyric passion and delicate aerial mystery"; and why is Burns, according to Mr. Gosse's account, as mysterious as Melchisedec, having had neither poetical father nor mother?

CHINESE CHAPTERS.

"China Past and Present." By Edward Harper Parker. London: Chapman and Hall. 1903 10s. 6d. net.

"CHINA Past and Present" is a title which might so easily suggest itself that its selection invites remark only on account of its risky, if not invidious, similarity to Mr. Gundry's "China Present and Past". Seeing that the same publishers have issued the two books, one would have thought that at any rate the possibility of confusion might have occurred to them. This volume is a collection, mainly, of papers that have obtained publicity, in various forms, during the last seven or eight years. In a few cases—the instructive sketch of Chinese history in the first chapter, for instance—the matter appears in print for the first time. "In others, paragraphs and even whole pages have" (we are told) "been entirely rewritten or recast." It is a pity that, in the case of the political section, the process was not carried farther. Political articles written years previously may retain interest as pictures of contemporary thought; but they can rarely be adapted to a contemporary situation without very drastic reconstruction. Several of the chapters before us challenge criticism from either standpoint. That Mr. Parker should have taken differing views of the Eastern question, at different times, during the phantasmagoria of recent years, is not surprising, and the reader will willingly "make allowance for views expressed under conditions which have in some instances now become obsolete", provided the views themselves retain interest. But it is not clear why he should think it worth while to reprint within the same covers expressions so opposite as—

p. 312 "There is absolutely no point in which we cannot treat, independently of all other nations, direct with Russia upon matters concerning our joint interests with her. There is really no cause for hostility or suspicion"—and—

p. 347 "Having ourselves behaved with great frankness and loyalty to her, we have now ample cause to suspect both the value of her assurances and the purity of her motives". The author was concerned in the first case to advocate the thorough understanding with Russia which crops up in politics with the regularity of a recurring decimal, only to be given up (as in his own case) with like periodicity in presence of some fresh act which suggests doubt how long an agreement would be observed. Such a statement, again, as that "if we look back at Russia's dealings with China, we see that her relations have always been friendly and fair"—contentious enough at any time—appears, to-day, little less than absurd.

p. 300 Such a statement as "The German fleet is almost beneath notice"—corrected though it be by a footnote that "this was so in 1896, but of course not now" may suggest a query whether it were worth while reprinting, at the present day, a proposition that "unless the Russian fleet be at hand to see justice done to China" the latter would lie helpless before any fresh demonstration by Japan! There could, at any rate, be no use in retaining such sentences as "The

p. 113 bishop is also a Jesuit—rather an unusual occurrence I believe"—qualified by a foot-note that "two bishops have died since this was first published". While—"Great Britain is the only

p. 166 Power which has had a Court separate from the Consul, and of late years even Great Britain has merged into one the functions of Chief Justice and Consul-General; but this is not found perfectly satisfactory and before long the Supreme Court will doubtless have its Chief Justice once more. In fact, the functions were again separated while this was being

p. 57 printed"—is sheer literary hash; and "nerved up the venerable old carcass to run amuck" (apropos of the Boxer outbreak) is not literature at all.

Such carelessness is the more regrettable because Mr. Parker's sinological acquirements are considerable; and the chapters which deal with Chinese history, government, character, religions, are full of interest and information. The missionary and opium questions

pp. 93-115 are discussed at length, from personal observation, with an insight that is too often lacking at pro-missionary and anti-opium meetings. No one denies that opium-smoking is injurious in China, as drink is injurious in England; but very many affirm that the harm proceeds in each case chiefly from excess; and it is at least significant that the great Viceroy Liu Kun-yi, who showed so much nerve and capacity

p. 181 during the Boxer crisis, had been "a heavy opium-smoker" for forty years. Translations of letters addressed by the Emperor Kienlung to King George III. on the occasion of Lord Macartney's visit to Peking in 1793 and of various utterances by Kiaking on the occasion of Lord Amherst's mission in 1816 throw a flood of light upon the extravagant assumption of superiority which characterised the attitude of the Chinese Court towards "outside" princes and states. But the climax of pretension is perhaps reached

p. 386 in an edict commanding that a certain Tibetan family shall be excluded from the privilege of receiving the souls of deceased priests by metempsychosis, for three generations, as a punishment for some malfeasance. The chapter on Dirt and Medicine is amusing and—we suggest with bated breath—possibly instructive. Chinese ideas of surgery and anatomy are childish; but the Abbé Huc, who was far from an unintelligent observer, placed their knowledge of medicine on a different plane. He believed, for instance, that many Chinese doctors are able to cure hydrophobia, and Mr. Parker found a certain tisane infallibly cure slight attacks of low fever. The sections dealing with official life, punishments, games, religions, &c., are eminently readable and sometimes irresistibly

p. 259 comic, as in the case of a tutor who explained that the word "kot" had become tabu since the arrival of the English in Hong Kong, on account of the similarity of the opening words Kot chi t'am hai in the Book of Odes to a certain British exclamation. But the author will do well to revise much more drastically, or rewrite, the political chapters in his next edition.

SIR HUDSON LOWE: "THE LAST PHASE."

"Napoleon's Captivity in Relation to Sir Hudson Lowe." By R. C. Seaton. London: Bell. 1904. 5s. net.

"Talks of Napoleon at S. Helena with General Baron Gourgaud." Translated by E. W. Latimer. Chicago: McClurg. 1903. \$1.50 net.

ENGLISHMEN in general have been agreed for three-quarters of a century that Napoleon's captivity at S. Helena was not a subject which the national conscience found much satisfaction in contemplating. Lord Rosebery somewhat wantonly disturbed our feelings in 1900 and now we have Mr. Seaton stirring up once more the ashes of unsavoury controversy in retaliation upon Lord Rosebery. This writer had already done his best for Sir Hudson Lowe, who has been also very handsomely treated in the Dictionary of National Biography. Everyone who had paid any attention to the matter had already made up his mind on three points, that O'Meara's narrative was unworthy of credit, that Lowe was badly treated by the British Government after he left S. Helena and that he was unfitted by temperament for the part he held in that island. The first two points were admitted by Lord Rosebery and the last is certainly not disproved by Mr. Seaton. What then has induced Mr. Seaton to tell again this disagreeable story in a much less agreeable manner than he told it at first? Apparently no better reason than a desire to make a few criticisms at Lord Rosebery's expense. All these criticisms might have been launched at the time when Lord Rosebery's book appeared. Some of them have nothing to do with Lowe at all, as for instance the charge that few will care to read a second time Lord Rosebery's epigrams. But, if it comes to

that, who wanted to re-read Mr. Seaton, who is certainly no epigrammatist? To talk about "Lord Rosebery's popguns" is very poor literary manners. Some of Mr. Seaton's criticism is merely silly. He complains that Lord Rosebery ridicules Forsyth's "dull and trackless collection" with its "barren index". "Why barren?" says Mr. Seaton. "An index cannot be amusing." An index is barren when it does not clearly guide the inquirer through the mazes of a trackless compilation and in that sense any reasonable being would apply Lord Rosebery's words. We will give only one other instance of Mr. Seaton's criticism. He is very vexed with Lord Rosebery because his general judgment of Sir Hudson Lowe is that "he was not what we should call in the best sense a gentleman". To refute this he produces the remark of a lady who met him once at dinner that he was "a grave particularly gentlemanly man whose conversation was as agreeable as his manners". He might have been all this and yet not "a gentleman in the best sense of the word". One incident is quite enough to show that Lord Rosebery is right. Almost directly upon Lowe's arrival he invites Napoleon to dinner "to meet the Countess" (of Loudon). To this invitation no reply was made, yet three months later he asks Bertrand to invite his master to dine with Lowe to keep the Prince Regent's birthday, a message which Bertrand very properly refused to convey. Lady Lowe, who was a woman of the world, said "He would not come to my house and I thought him perfectly right". What then must we think of Lowe's right to be considered "a gentleman in the best sense of the word"? We can only judge of Mr. Seaton's own knowledge of the world by his intimation that Lowe's offence in Lord Rosebery's eyes was that the invitation was addressed to "General Buonaparte". That might have been partially excused by the instructions of the British Government but of course does not constitute the gravamen of Lord Rosebery's charge, which Mr. Seaton will find quite clearly laid in his book and it is hardly conceivable that it requires explanation.

All this is rather unnecessary on Mr. Seaton's part, besides being tiresome, because Lord Rosebery at least three times refers with approval to his first volume on Sir Hudson Lowe and has accepted and endorsed his judgment on O'Meara. Mr. Seaton shows that Lord Rosebery pieces together two remarks of Wellington and omits something that the Duke said in Lowe's favour, but he does not disturb the record left by Scott, Alison, Lady Malcolm, and others, in addition to Wellington. Lowe was a conscientious and "meticulous" officer but he was emphatically not the man for the post. His lack of humour is rightly regarded by Lord Rosebery as fatal. Lord Rosebery is well aware of the drawback in such a case as Lowe's for he has mixed in the great world of policy and diplomacy. Lowe allowed Napoleon's tricks to make him ridiculous and he was utterly wanting in tact. Hence his misfortunes. Wellington was no coward in the face of public opinion and, had he thought Lowe fit for it, would have seen that he was given something good. Lowe was his own worst enemy. He should have replied at once to O'Meara's attack. Mr. Seaton cannot explain why he did not. The fact was that he was a blundering, nervous, irritable man who was unlucky enough to be chosen to fill a post which only a skilled diplomatist of equable temper or a bluff, good-tempered soldier or sailor would have occupied to his own or the public satisfaction.

We never affected to regard Lord Rosebery's book as a great work or as adding much to his reputation as a writer but he judged Lowe as every experienced man of the world must judge him and Mr. Seaton has done his hero no good by reviving a stale controversy after one successful effort on different lines.

The late Mrs. Latimer performed a useful work in translating and abridging Gourgaud's "Journal" for English readers. Few pursue to the end that dreary and unhappy record as it stands in the original. There no doubt they make a mistake, for they would find a curious psychological study of the jealous temperament, and a certainly more pleasant view of Napoleon than that of the egoistic, overbearing master which we know best. But the conversations alone were

worth presenting to the public in an abbreviated form. They who follow Lord Rosebery in appreciating humorous contrast will be entertained to find that while Mr. Seaton holds that "to read [Lord Rosebery's] book a second time is not easy" Mrs. Latimer maintains that "anyone who knows the book will be glad to read these words over again and anyone who does not know it may thank me for the introduction". Mr. Seaton makes much ado about an American writer named Watson who has written against Lowe, but who reads Mr. Watson? In any case Lord Rosebery, if not Mr. Watson, may feel obliged for this fresh and gratuitous advertisement.

NOVELS.

"The Young Gerande: an Episode in the Life of the Right Hon. Marcus Gerande." By Edmund White. London: Blackwood. 1903. 6s.

Mr. Gerande, it is to be presumed, must be taken for a man of mark, or we should hardly be asked to read some three hundred and fifty close pages about an episode of his sentimental history which came to nothing. Unfortunately he is not very remarkable as a young man seeing life in Berlin in the year 1862, and his personality is an insufficient support to an oddly attractive book. The Berlin which he sees is very faithfully and skilfully brought before us, and his German friends are really interesting. Given a young Englishman with political ambitions, and a pretty and brilliant German girl of a lower social grade whose heart lies in a dramatic career, given a flirtation begun half in play, a problem results which requires some skill to solve. He might be (as we must assume) a great statesman if unencumbered: she might undoubtedly be a great actress if unfettered. But the man's problem is comparatively simple: it is the old story of love against a career. The lady's position is more complicated. Her family would have her marry a suitable bourgeois compatriot: the stage and the English wooer are alike anathema. She will not marry the bourgeois, she will not defy her own people, she will not spoil her lover's future, she will not renounce her art. . . . Mr. White cuts the knot a little roughly. The story is needlessly long, but the treatment of several subtle phases of character is remarkably good. Nothing in particular happens, and yet the events of each day can be read with interest and pleasure.

"The Mis-Rule of Three." By Florence Warden. London: Unwin. 1904. 6s.

This is a mystery story, and a very good one of its kind. We doubt if the astutest reader will find the key to certain odd events that happened in an old Channel-Islands mansion, until at the close Miss Warden puts it in his hand; and he must be a very jaded one who does not then admit that he has been excellently entertained and rewarded with a most ingenious solution. The central mystery (for there is a minor one, which makes three young men the unwilling foster-parents of a baby) is boldly conceived but not impossible, and the structure of the story is good throughout. There is a special type of young man whom Miss Warden is very fond of depicting; he is the sort of young man who lives in "diggings" with a couple more of his kind, and whose manners, conversation, and social bearing make us sorry that he did not enjoy greater advantages in early youth. In short, he is not attractive—except to the charming heroine. Miss Warden's girls are far more taking than her young men. We think that the Miss Olwen Eden of this story deserved a worthier mate than Bartlett Bayre. We hope Miss Warden will not think us exacting, if we ask that her next hero may have more signs of good breeding.

"Idylls of the Yorkshire Dales." By John Craven. London: Greening. 1904. 6s.

Mr. Craven's volume consists of three dozen sketches of life and character in the Yorkshire dales, the same people reappearing in successive stories and so giving something of a unity to the whole. The presentation of the farming and other folk is fairly successful though it loses in impressiveness owing frequently to the bald style of narrative in which the author indulges; there

is a great difference between baldness and simplicity; such idylls are best presented in a simple manner, but it must be the simplicity of art, while here we feel that we have too frequently the simplicity as we have said of baldness. It is wearying to read much set forth in this fashion: "He was a delver, or needed to be. It was half an acre if a perch, that garden. Occasionally his spade would fall on a promising plant and lay it low. When that happened the minister was pursuing a thought, or at tilt with an unyielding problem." At times however, especially in the racy remarks of his dalesfolk, Mr. Craven gives us something better, something suggesting that he has observed the people of whom he writes, such as this "I've watched her grow up like a flower i' a garden. We water our flowers at Moorcliff wi' tears, I'll promise you".

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

"Kings' Letters: From the Days of Alfred to the Accession of the Tudors." Edited by Robert Steele. London: Moring. 1904. 2s. 6d. net.

This is a volume in a series which is making a mark for the excellence of print and paper and the good taste of the production. But we cannot see that it offers any very striking or useful matter to students of history or others. This collection of letters throws no new light on history. Why should kings' letters form a collection any more than archbishops' or dukes'? If they were in the nature of "human documents", there might be a great deal more to justify publication in this form: but they are not in the least. In his

(Continued on page 148.)

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preface the editor says "here he [the reader] will see that monarchs are not exempt from the domestic dissensions which embitter the lives of their subjects". One might imagine a reader knew so much already. But Mr. Steele has done his work very capably.

"Racconti presi dalla Divina Commedia." By Eleonora Gualtieri. With an introduction by Mrs. M. G. Glazebrook. London: Rivingtons. 1903.

Signorina Eleonora Gualtieri, who has been a teacher of Italian to English pupils for many years, has written these seven stories from the "Divina Commedia" in the hope of supplying a suitable reading-book for students of the Tuscan tongue. Since there is—according to an amiable conventionality—a demand for reading-books of the kind, Signorina Gualtieri may be complimented on having produced one that is above the average; but the question with us rather is: firstly does the "adult" student really require pap of this kind, and secondly is it good for him? Our answer to both questions is an emphatic No. If he is a child as to the language, his brain is already "adult", and there is no reason whatever, once he has got through with his grammar, why he should not straightway attack books which were written not for the instruction of the pupil but only for the entertainment of mankind. The style of the present book seems to us somewhat anodyne, but that is in part remedied by the liveliness of the writer's Ghibelline sympathies. We are far from blaming such partisanship: one must be either for or against where two great principles are clearly defined: to hold the balance between Guelph and Ghibelline would be tame, even if it were possible.

"Bygone London Life" (Elliot Stock. 6s. net) by G. L. Apperson contains plenty of interesting matter about the coffee-houses, restaurants, and museums of Old London, with chapters also on the "bucks" of the day and such figures as the night bellman, the waterman and the sedan chairman. Mr. Apperson is evidently book-learned in these subjects and much of his matter has the right flavour.—We touched on "A Popular History of the Ancient Britons or the Welsh People", by the Rev. John Evans, some time ago. A cheap edition of the book has been published by Elliot Stock, 5s.—Mr. Thomas Perkins who has written well-informed books on the Minster of Wimborne and Christchurch Abbey, &c., has contributed to Messrs. Bells' Cathedral series an account of S. Albans (1s. 6d.). This is a capital series and we notice that some of the books in it have reached the third and even fourth edition. The interest in church architecture has been growing for some time past.—"Winchester Illustrated" (Warren) consists largely of photographs of the town. Mr. W. Thorn Warren supplies the letterpress. The music as well as the words of the Dulce Domum song are given.—Messrs. Seeley publish "London-on-Thames in Bygone Days" by G. H. Birch, the curator of Sir John Sloane's Museum (5s. net). It is partly illustrated by half-tones from old prints and drawings; this is where photography does well: the usual crudity of the half-tone is avoided. The history of the London Thames is almost the same as a history of London and Mr. Birch's volume is rather slender for such a work. But he is evidently well informed. We wish that there were a far larger public appetite for literature of this kind.—Mr. W. H. Hutton's "By Thames and Cotswold" (Constable. 10s. 6d. net) is a pleasant mingling of church story and architecture, scenery, and literary association, by a scholar and man of feeling. He has one chapter called "Two Poets and the Upper Thames". We rather hoped for Arnold, but found Pye with Shenstone. "Two Cotswold Statesmen" touches on Falkland at Great Tew and Warren Hastings at Daylesford. We are not so much impressed with Arnold's essay on Falkland as Mr. Hutton is: it has the air of "superiority".

THE QUARTERLIES.

The "Quarterly Review" devotes its last article in its new issue to a survey and summary of the thirty-three articles contributed to its pages by Lord Salisbury from 1860 to 1883; to that article we shall return on another occasion; the "Edinburgh" devotes its first article to an estimate of Mr. Gladstone based on Mr. Morley's "Life". The period during which Mr. Gladstone was at his best was roughly that during which Lord Robert Cecil was busy warning the country in his caustic way partly against the leap in the dark which every extension of the suffrage constituted and partly against the propensity of Disraeli to dish his opponents whenever possible. The "Edinburgh's" view of Mr. Gladstone, eulogistic though it is, characterises him in a way which is hardly flattering to his reforming zeal and desire to right great wrongs, when it says:—"There was in his nature a truly conservative bias that prevented him from welcoming change so long as he thought that change could be avoided. The old system of rotten boroughs, universities fenced round with religious tests, the ecclesiastical establishment of the religion of a small minority of the people, none of

these things shocked his political conscience or sentiments till the pathway of practical reform had been marked out and rendered comparatively easy by the efforts of political pioneers." How admirably the description fits the case of Mr. Gladstone's surrender on Home Rule! The "Quarterly" quotes a masterly passage from Lord Robert Cecil's account of Gladstone's first Budget; the Chancellor of the Exchequer suffering from a cold had managed the stage effects so admirably that "sympathy for the heroic will that mastered even a rebellious uvula in the cause of duty" ran strong. "Criticism and censure were hushed by a feeling of anxious uncertainty whether huskiness or heroism would have the mastery at last." Mr. Gladstone's "fall", when he finally allied himself with the extreme reformers, was a cause of sorrow to Lord Robert. "We are not so rich in honest and intrepid statesmen that we can contemplate their political suicide without regret."

The opposition of the "Edinburgh" to Mr. Chamberlain's new policy grows in energy, mainly in response to the Duke of Devonshire's lead. Two articles consider the tariff question, one from an economic point of view, the other from the political. On imperial and on economic grounds we expect the "Edinburgh" to oppose an inter-imperial trade policy: it is consistent in its veiled doubts if not dislike of anything which savours of Imperial federation. When however it says "It is as certain as anything future can be that the British producer, into whom protectionist ideas are being rapidly instilled, will very soon begin to ask why his corn is to be lowered in price by artificially fostered competition from the colonies", we are merely astonished at the ineptness which so completely delivers the free-fooders into Mr. Chamberlain's hands. If Colonial corn is to do so much harm to the British farmer at home what becomes of the dear food cry? The "Quarterly" leaves the tariff question severely alone this time, and is primarily concerned to expose "the new socialism". The reviewer aims at showing the limitations alike of Marx and of Sidney Webb. "Socialists," he says, "now perceive that industrial effort is not all of one quality and that workers man for man are not equally productive. In other words, they understand that the organiser, the director, the inventor" count for a good deal. He prefers however to regard socialism not as a beacon towards which we should direct our course, but as a beacon on a fatal rock from which it warns us away. "Regarded thus it is a mere ideal of dreamers, who know nothing or next to nothing of the broad facts of human nature". Strange that these "dreamers" should somehow have succeeded in getting both political parties, while equally repudiating the socialist, to assimilate and incorporate in their policy ever more and more of the socialist propaganda. It seems like dreaming to some purpose.

Colonel E. M. Lloyd in the "Quarterly" admirably summarises the history of the British Army practically from Edward I. to Edward VII. In the same Review an article on "Some Tendencies of Modern Sport" covers a wide field from football to motoring, and shows how a craze for speed has affected various sports. Excessive speed and sportsmanlike ideals, we are assured, are incompatible. In the "Edinburgh" an excellent article deals with the "Folklore of Human Life" and "The Boer in Peace and War", "Robert Herrick" and "Jacobite Songs" are all attractive contributions.

The "Church Quarterly" contains a very sound article on the educational position. While making every effort to insure good administration of the Act as it is, our goal must be to amend it by repeal of the Cowper-Temple clause and legal recognition of parents' rights to denominational teaching. There is also a severe indictment of Dr. Fairbairn's "Philosophy of the Christian Religion"; the book is summed up as a philosophy of phrases. We allude to the article on London University in the leading columns.

"The Law Quarterly Review" has a number of interesting notes on the present position of trade unions after the Glamorgan Coal Company case: on the Coronation cases as to breaches of contract over the letting of seats for the procession and the hiring of ships for the review; on copyrights in photographs and on women and the Bar. Women are advised to apply to be admitted as solicitors, and to the advice is appended the warning that they are not likely to succeed. Most of the articles are strictly legal; but Mr. J. E. Hogg's on "The Breakdown of the Land Transfer Acts System in England" is of wider scope. He suggests that there is no inherent vice in these Acts which cannot be remedied by amendments designed to assimilate our system to that of Australia. Mr. Frank Evans' article on "Law Reporting: a Reporter's view" is amusing and readable even by non-lawyers; but it can be appreciated best by those lawyers who have also had the mixed fortune of being law reporters themselves. The articles on "Treasure Trove and the British Museum" by Mr. William Martin; and Mr. W. Strachan's on "Stock Exchange 'Differences' and the Gaming Laws" are worth reading; and politicians may note Mr. P. Tindal-Robertson's article on "The Parliamentary Franchise with some Suggestions for its Simplification". The Book Reviews are good as usual.

Mr. Binyon in his prefatory note to the first number of

"The Artist Engraver" (Macmillan. 7s. 6d. net) points out very truly that in spite of the strides that photographic reproduction of designs has made in the last half-century there has been a notable revival of autographic work in engraving, not only in the more spontaneous methods of etching and lithography, but in the laborious practice of wood-engraving by the designers themselves. The very completeness with which the reproduction of pictures has been taken over by photogravure appears to have given fresh life to the non-mechanical processes. Mr. Binyon thinks that the former field must now be abandoned by the artist-engraver, except in the case of mezzotint. We doubt whether the vogue of the photogravure is so assured as Mr. Binyon assumes. For the purposes of the student and historian, who wishes to have a facsimile of the picture-forms, the photograph will doubtless hold its own; though it is not generally realised how much skilled engravers' work is often done upon photographic plates to correct their dulness. But for purposes of pleasure, to preserve various other qualities, we should not be surprised to see a revival of line-engraver's work. No photogravures that we have seen convey the aerial quality of a Turner with the same success as the steel engravings executed under his influence. An example of the persistence of the reproductive engraver in the very heyday of photogravure is the remarkable work of Mr. Hole after Millet. That however is a side issue. The present enterprise offers the collector five plates of autographic work at a modest price, chosen with a view not only to the eminence of the artists but also to variety of procedure. Two, Mr. Legros' and Mr. Cameron's, are etchings, Mr. Strang's is burin-work, Mr. Shannon's a chiaroscuro woodcut in two colours, Mr. Pennell's a lithograph. We cannot say that all the pieces are very good examples of their authors' work. Mr. Shannon's is happily chosen, one of a beautiful series of circular designs of the months, and the D. Y. Cameron is a fair example. Mr. Strang's "Wine Drinkers" has a fine figure in the Fool, but the two other figures are not very well understood. The general idea, however, of the series is commendable, and we shall look forward with interest to future numbers. In the "Edinburgh" Mr. Binyon attacks Mr. D. S. MacColl's "Nineteenth Century Art", whose style and criticism offend him, but he concedes that "it is interesting and important for its history". We have asked Mr. MacColl to reply to Mr. Binyon in the SATURDAY REVIEW next week.

For This Week's Books see page 150.

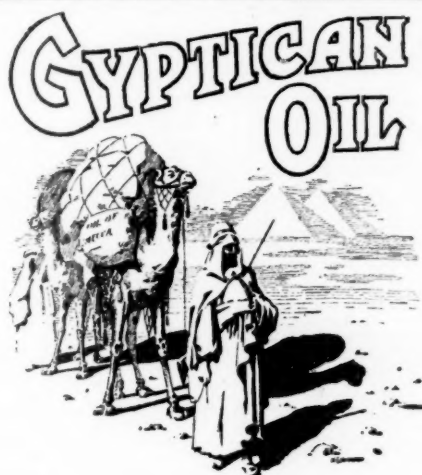
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E. J. MORRIS, Secretary.

BALANCE-SHEET, 31st December, 1903.

Dr.	LIABILITIES.	ASSETS.	Cr.
To Capital Paid up, viz.: £12 10s. per Share on 240,000 Shares of £50 each	£3,000,000 0 0	By Cash in hand and at Bank of England	£9,194,343 13 1
Reserve Fund	3,000,000 0 0	Money at Call and at Short Notice	5,133,624 0 5
Dividend payable on February 1, 1904	285,000 0 0	Investments—	£14,378,227 13 6
Balance of Profit and Loss Account	118,319 12 9	Consols (written down to 85%) and other British Government Securities	3,308,123 11 3
	6,403,319 12 9	Stocks Guaranteed by British Government, Indian and British Railway	
Current, Deposit and other Accounts	45,423,095 15 8	Debenture and Preference Stocks, British Corporation Stocks, Colonial and Foreign Government Stocks, &c.	3,988,592 10 2
Acceptances on account of Customers	2,032,378 9 6	Bills of Exchange	7,297,016 1 5
			4,365,002 10 0
		Advances on Current Accounts, Loans on Security and other Accounts	26,040,895 10 5
		Liabilities of Customers for Acceptances as per contra	24,554,276 0 10
		Bank Premises, at Head Office and Branches	2,032,378 9 6
			1,231,842 17 2
			£53,858,793 17 11
			£53,858,793 17 11

THE WOLHUTER GOLD MINES, LIMITED.

DIRECTORS' REPORT

For the Financial Year ended October 31, 1903,

Submitted at the Sixth Ordinary General Meeting of Shareholders held in the Board Room, Exploration Buildings, Johannesburg, on Wednesday, the 23rd December, 1903, at 4 P.M.

To the Shareholders, The Wolhuter Gold Mines, Limited.

GENTLEMEN,—Your Directors beg to submit their Sixth Report, accompanied by the Reports of the Consulting Engineer and Manager and the Balance-Sheet and Financial Statements showing the Company's position as at the 31st October, 1903.

PROPERTY.

There has been no change during the year in the Company's property holding, which remains as follows:—

Mynpachts and Claims equal in area to	163'0264 claims.
Bewaarpplaatsen and Water-right equal in area to	16'4465 "
	179'4729 claims.

MINING OPERATIONS.

The Manager's Report gives full particulars of the further development work accomplished during the past year. A recalculation of the Ore Reserves in the Mine gives a total of 160,000 tons of payable ore, and 41,400 tons the value of which is indeterminate, in addition to which a large quantity of rock has been developed which, under present conditions, cannot be classed as payable.

In the Deep Level Section of the Mine 7,481 feet have been developed during the past year, whilst in the Mynpacht Section only 64 feet of development have to be reported, as this Shaft has not yet been completely unwatered.

MILLING.—Crushing was resumed on the 1st July with 50 stamps, which were gradually increased to 80 during the ensuing four months. Owing chiefly to the want of Native Labour, which necessitated a greater number of rock drills being used, the results have been disappointing, representing a total loss of £15,863 4s. 7d. for the period. 39,370 tons of Ore were milled during the four months, the average working costs being 28s. 0'573d. per ton, whilst the value recovered per ton milled was 19s. 11'871d.

FINANCIAL.

The Appropriation Account submitted may be summarised in the following manner, viz.:—

	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
General Expenditure from 1st November, 1902, to 30th June, 1903				16,413	19	2
Loss on Working from 1st July, 1903, to 31st October, 1903				15,863	4	7
				32,277	3	9
Less—						
Credit Balance brought forward at 31st October, 1902	604	8	11			
Freight Rebate on Gold Shipments, Rent Revenue and Refund of Government Share of Claim Licences for War Period	1,236	17	6			
				1,841	6	5
Leaving a Debit Balance to be carried forward of				£30,435	17	4

The Capital Expenditure during the past year has been as follows:—

	£	s.	d.
Buildings	4,430	14	6
Machinery and Plant	21,313	1	8
Main Vertical Shaft	17,212	6	10
Main Incline Shaft	6,587	15	6
Mine Development	31,899	4	2
Live Stock, Vehicles, Furniture, &c.	240	5	0
Share Account, W.N.L.A.	303	0	0
	£32,095	7	8
Less—			
Cost of Railway Rolling Stock taken over by the C.S.A.R.	2,798	2	11
	£29,297	4	9

After placing the Liquid Assets, viz.:—Gold in transit, Stores on hand, &c., against the amount due to the bank and sundry creditors, the Company's liability is reduced to £103,187 10s. 8d., which is accounted for as under:—

	£	s.	d.
Capital Expenditure, including Mine Development, in excess of the Company's capital	72,751	13	4
Debit Balance of Appropriation Account, being actual loss to date	30,435	17	4
	£103,187	10	8

RAILWAY ROLLING STOCK.

The Railway Administration, in accordance with previous arrangement, have taken over the rolling stock purchased by the Mines, and recouped the various Companies for their outlay, plus interest.

CONSULTING ENGINEER.

Your Directors regret to announce the resignation of your Consulting Engineer, Mr. T. H. Leggett, owing to his departure from the Rand. Mr. Leggett's abilities as a mining engineer are so well known that it is only necessary to state that his resignation was accepted with regret by your Board. Mr. S. C. Thomson, formerly Assistant Consulting Engineer, was appointed to the position thus vacated, and your Directors are satisfied that in his hands the operations of your Company will be carefully and zealously superintended.

MANAGEMENT.

Mr. Britten having resigned the management of your Mine, Mr. A. R. Robertson, lately in charge of the Vogelstruis Consolidated Deep and the West Roodepoort Deep properties, was appointed to succeed him; but, as Mr. Robertson only took over his duties twelve days before the close of the financial year, Mr. Britten has signed the Manager's Report, Statements and Schedules.

DIRECTORATE.

Your Directors have to record with extreme regret the decease of their colleague, Mr. F. M. Wolhuter, who has been closely associated with the Company since its inception. You will be asked to confirm the appointment as a Director of the Company of Mr. W. H. Dawe, in place of Mr. J. G. Hamilton, resigned, and your Directors take this opportunity of placing on record their high appreciation of the valuable services rendered to the Company by Mr. Hamilton during his long tenure of office.

In terms of the Company's Articles of Association, all your Directors retire from office; but, being eligible, they offer themselves for re-election. The retiring Directors are Messrs. C. S. Goldmann, W. H. Dawe, J. Berlein, J. G. Currey, Francis Drake, R. W. Schumacher, W. T. Graham and Sir George Farrar.

FINANCE COMMITTEE.

You will be asked to pass the customary resolution for the special remuneration of the Finance Committee of your Board.

AUDITORS.

The retiring Auditors are Messrs. G. Hesse and A. Eckart-Beckmann. In the absence of Mr. G. Hesse on leave, his duties have been completed by Mr. H. J. Macrae, who has signed the Financial Statements on his behalf. The retiring Auditors are eligible and offer themselves for re-election. You will be asked to appoint Auditors for the current year and to fix the remuneration for past services.

We are, Gentlemen, obediently yours,

W. H. DAWE, Chairman.

R. W. SCHUMACHER,

J. G. CURREY,

H. D. SOLOMON,

S. C. BLACK,

F. FRANCOIS,

E. DE FERRIERES,

E. HENEAGE,

Directors.

JOHANNESBURG, 17th December, 1903.

BALANCE SHEET, 31st October, 1903.

DR.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
To Capital—						
215,000 Shares of £4 each, fully paid				860,000	0	0
Creditors—						
Native Wages, Trade Accounts, &c., outstanding				9,394	7	5
Sundry Shareholders—						
Unclaimed Dividends:						
Wolhuter Gold Mining Co., Limited:						
Dividend No. 1				45	6	4
Wolhuter Gold Mines, Limited:						
Dividend No. 1				20	6	8
Dividend No. 2				153	17	5
Dividend No. 3				76	18	8
Dividend No. 4				27	8	5
				332	17	6
National Bank of South Africa, Limited—						
Overdraft Current Account				119,590	18	5
				£989,318	3	4
CR.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
By Property—						
Mining Claims, Mynpachts and Water Rights 611,151 18 10						
Less Received from Meyer and Charlton G. M. Co., Limited, for sale of 7'9683 Claims	105,000	0	0			
				306,151	18	10
Buildings	26,430	1	5			
Machinery and Plant, including Cyanide and Slimes Plants	157,344	15	3			
				183,774	16	8
Mine Development	141,765	12	4			
Main Vertical Shaft	51,319	0	3			
East Incline Shaft	13,537	10	9			
Main Incline Shaft	22,024	10	3			
				228,646	13	7
Dams and Reservoirs	8,357	0	2			
Railway Coal Siding	3,320	1	1			
Surface Fencing	88	0	0			
				11,795	1	3
Live Stock, Vehicles and Harness	306	10	5			
Furniture	235	10	7			
				632	1	0
Witwatersrand Native Labour Association, Ltd., Shares—						
406 Shares, 12s. paid and 25s. per Share deposit for boys	751	2	0			
Vierfontein Syndicate, Limited	1,000	0	0			
				1,751	2	0
Bearer Share Warrants	796	5	6			
Gold Insurance (paid in advance)	107	16	7			
Sundry Debtors	1,340	9	4			
Stores on hand	12,501	5	7			
				14,745	17	0
Gold Consignment Account—						
Gold in transit				8,584	1	2
Unclaimed Dividend Account—						
Standard Bank of S. A., Ltd., London	258	4	6			
" " " Johannesburg	74	13	0			
				332	17	6
Cash—						
At Mine Office	2,363	17	4			
Parr's Bank, Limited, London	103	19	8			
				2,467	17	0
Balance—						
Appropriation Account, being less to date				30,435	17	4
				£989,318	3	4

W. H. DAWE, Chairman.

R. W. SCHUMACHER,

J. G. CURREY,

H. G. L. PANCHAUD, Secretary.

We hereby certify that we have examined the Books and Vouchers of the Wolhuter Gold Mines, Limited, for the year ended 31st October, 1903, and that the Balance Sheet and Appropriation Account represent a true and correct statement of the Company's affairs on that date.

A. ECKART-BECKMANN,

H. J. MACRAE,

Incorporated Accountants,

Directors.

Auditors.

Johannesburg, 10th December, 1903.

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